

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 474, Vol. 18.

November 26, 1864.

PRICE 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## MR. COBDEN AT ROCHDALE.

MR. COBDEN never makes a speech which is not worth hearing and reading. His definite opinions are supported by arguments logical in form, and they are expressed in admirably lucid phraseology. If he were merely a political philosopher, he would exercise less influence, for all men like to be excited better than to be taught. A thorough examination of Mr. COBDEN's polemical style would be curious and instructive, and a critic would discover, among other results of his labour, two characteristic fallacies which produce an excellent rhetorical effect. When it is convenient to enounce some proposition on which all the world is agreed, Mr. COBDEN generally assumes the air of a political ATHANASIUS who is propounding an unwelcome and paradoxical truth in defiance of a sceptical universe. Strong party feeling, on the other hand, becomes respectable and imposing through a judicious assumption of dispassionate impartiality. The great champion of orthodoxy who lately stood alone *contra mundum*, instead of inventing heretics to excommunicate, now delivers his favourite dogma as the collective opinion of reasonable mankind—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. There is at present extremely little difference of opinion in England as to the expediency of abstaining as far as possible from intervention in alien quarrels; and indeed almost all the warlike feeling which has been experienced for several years has been, like the Russian war itself, to a great extent a reaction against the exaggerations and perversities of Mr. COBDEN's extinct Peace Society. Mr. COBDEN accordingly assumes to himself and his own political section the merit of having converted the community; and, as it is necessary to his argument to dwell on the approximate unanimity of the House of Commons, he raises up an imaginary Opposition in the House of Lords, and characteristically seasons his statement with an offensive personality. Although Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who would have approved of a German war, is a great orator, he is not the House of Lords, and he has not even a political follower within its precincts. It suited Mr. COBDEN's purpose, however, to assume that the advocate of a rejected opinion was the spokesman of the assembly in which he stood almost alone. By a natural confusion, the insult which was especially addressed to one of Mr. COBDEN's adversaries probably seemed to his audience to affect the entire peerage. To a lofty denunciation of the supposed absorption of the English people in the pursuit of gain, Mr. COBDEN replies that, on the contrary, the nation is so foolishly generous as to pay Lord ELLENBOROUGH a large income under a title which England alone, of all civilized States, would recognise as legal. If a patent place held under the Great Seal, with the knowledge and sanction of Parliament, is not legal, no title-deed in the kingdom is worth five years' purchase. The expediency of having formerly allowed the creation and maintenance of patent sinecures has no bearing whatever upon vested rights. Mr. COBDEN was violently angry because he or his friends were accused of wishing to confiscate landed property, when they had only expressed an opinion that it ought to be transferred to another class of owners. Perhaps he will hereafter explain away his proposal to deprive Lord ELLENBOROUGH of his property because he made a speech in the House of Lords of which Mr. COBDEN disapproves. It is true that the English people are generous. They occasionally subscribe large sums for those whom they regard as their benefactors; and the most resolute supporter of the Corn Laws never denied that the proceeds of the subscription for Mr. COBDEN were held by the fortunate owner under a legal title.

Having at great length congratulated Parliament and the country on the alleged adoption of the doctrine of non-intervention, Mr. COBDEN proceeds to remonstrate with public writers and speakers on their habit of discussing foreign

questions with eager interest, and perhaps sometimes with party feeling. There is much to be said on the proper functions of a free press, and it must be admitted that the candid criticism which it practises in England is not unfrequently disagreeable to foreigners. Unfortunately, it is difficult to write political essays without referring to contemporary examples, and although it might be desirable to discuss the events of the day with the most dispassionate calmness, experience shows that journalists, like historians of greater pretension, too often become interested in the story which they have to tell so far as to take a side. Grave historians of Greece and Rome have seldom been proof against a similar temptation. Lord BYRON praised MITFORD because, as a thorough partisan, he applauded the Greek oligarchies as representatives of Toryism, and hated the democracies as if they had been Whigs. Dr. ARNOLD used to compare Roman patriots to HAMPDEN and SIDNEY. Mr. GROTE draws from Athenian experience arguments in favour of the ballot; and Mr. MERIVALE's leaning to absolute government may be inferred from his history of the CÆSARS. When Poland or America forms the subject-matter of the narrative, it is far more difficult to maintain perfect impartiality. Mr. COBDEN, however, with exemplary dogmatism, asserts that "you never see in France, in Germany, or in America, the newspapers taking up foreign questions and attacking each other because they are not of the same opinions." Liberal Frenchmen, when they speak of the restraints which are imposed on the press under the Imperial system, constantly complain that journalists are forced to discuss foreign topics exclusively, because they are not allowed to deal with serious domestic questions. The assertion that French papers are habitually silent about Poland, Italy, or America, is startling to every Englishman who has crossed the Channel. Except in the case of Mr. COBDEN, the first remark which is suggested by a French or German newspaper is an expression of surprise that the writers should find all their topics abroad. American journalists certainly confine themselves to one branch of foreign politics, nor have they any pretext for attacking one another, because they are all of the same opinion when they utter the popular abuse against England. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. COBDEN would say if any English paper habitually proposed the unprovoked invasion of American territory; yet he must be well aware that the conquest of Canada is one of the most ordinary subjects of American leading articles. On former occasions he has been equally severe on English diplomacy, but he has not yet succeeded in discovering, except in the service of the United States, either a Mr. CASSIUS CLAY or a General WATSON WEBB.

If, however, it were true that "we are the only people in the world that make foreign topics matters of passionate, earnest internal politics," the national failing is scarcely likely to be corrected by the example of Mr. COBDEN. Having finished his protest against partisanship in a foreign civil war, he delivers an eloquent and vehement discourse against the South, and in favour of the North. Nothing can be more natural than his preference, or more intelligible than his strong party feeling; but if one Englishman may make an elaborate speech in support of the Union and the war, it seems hard that humbler politicians should be silenced even though they may incline to the Confederate cause. Mr. COBDEN ought at least to exempt from his sweeping censures those writers who have from the first carefully remembered that, while they were recording current history, it was more to the purpose to try to understand the probable results of the contest than to take the opportunity of exhibiting either their own philanthropy or their own sympathies for independence. Mr. COBDEN is not to be blamed for his dislike of slavery, or for his desire that Republican institutions may achieve a triumph. He may probably have taken the right side, but it is idle to

deny that he has in fact chosen a side. In sharing the passions of the Federal Americans, he has, by an odd effect of sympathy, also adopted their passion for physical magnitude. Like Sir FRANCIS HEAD, he is totally unable to understand why the Ilissus, which he once saw dammed up by washerwomen, should be as interesting as the Mississippi, which, with its tributaries, is said to form 20,000 miles of navigable river. It may be conceded that, at the present moment, Mr. LINCOLN occupies a larger place in the attention of the world than King GEORGE of GREECE; but, on the other hand, PERICLES was perhaps greater than General BUTLER, and PLATO was as wise and as graceful as Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER. CICERO said that the plane trees on the banks of the Ilissus derived more luxuriance from PLATO's style than from the waters of a river which is so far from being navigable for 20,000 miles that it will scarcely float a wherry. It is truly wonderful that able men should be overwhelmed by the moral grandeur of an extraordinary bulk of water, carrying with it an unequalled quantity of mud.

If, indeed, Mr. CORDEN is justified in his belief that liberally educated Englishmen know nothing about the course or position of the Mississippi, it would follow that they had better look at a map before they give an opinion as to the politics of New Orleans. If they are content to derive their geographical knowledge from Mr. CORDEN, they will perhaps be puzzled by his inference that the Government of the United States can never renounce the sovereignty of the great river valley, because it may possibly hereafter hold a population of two hundred millions. It might have been thought that such a community would be large enough to constitute at least one commonwealth of its own. The argument is especially strange when it is used by Mr. CORDEN, as he has frequently expressed the opinion that the material greatness and extent of independent States is not essential to their best interests. If the Southern half of the Mississippi basin is destined to have its share of inhabitants, the Confederates, possessing a vast territory in addition, may not unreasonably think that they are entitled to set up for themselves. It is absurd to compare the great secession to an imaginary separation of the Eastern Counties from the rest of England. Even if Norfolk and Suffolk had from their first existence enjoyed, like Virginia and South Carolina, the rank of Sovereign States, they are evidently too small for independence. The Swiss Cantons find their only safety in a Federal bond; but the great Northern Republic is far more than a match for any possible invader. All sensible foreigners have admitted that, although the secession of the South might not be illegal, the resistance of the North to disunion was natural and justifiable. The question as to the present morality of the war depends wholly on the probability of reconquest, followed by reunion. It is certainly not a law of nature that the mouth of the Mississippi should belong to the Government which possesses the mouth of the Hudson. There is more practical force in Mr. CORDEN's reasoning when he proves, with the zest of a military amateur, that the Government of Washington will always be able to hold New Orleans, because it can keep the city under the fire of its gunboats. He perhaps goes too far when he adds that, by cutting the dykes, the Northern army could put the whole of Louisiana under water. He seems, indeed, to have been struck by the unpremeditated atrocity of his own suggestion, as he afterwards explains that he does not recommend the measure which he describes as practicable. The traditional philanthropist went further when he expressly exhorted the mob not to nail the malefactor's ear to the pump. It is remarkable that the prophet of peace should please himself by imagined extensions of the extreme license of war. If the Northern Americans were really likely to drown a province as large as a European kingdom in order to prevent two hundred millions of unborn human beings from hereafter managing their own affairs, Mr. CORDEN and a few of his most uncompromising supporters would soon be left alone in their Federal sympathies. Perhaps, although British North America basely retains its allegiance to the Crown, Mr. CORDEN may appreciate the bigness, if not the greatness, of the proposed Federation, as it is larger than the United States, while it possesses the St. Lawrence as a substitute for the Mississippi, and shares the most noisy cataract and the greatest lakes in the world as far as the mid-channel.

#### AMERICA.

IT is much more surprising that forty or fifty Presidential electors should have been instructed to vote for General M'CLELLAN than that Mr. LINCOLN should have been elected

by a decisive majority. There are strong and plausible arguments against opposing, in time of war, the Government or the party which is identified with the prosecution of the struggle. There is no doubt that the expression of a wish for peace comforts and encourages the enemy, even when it is dictated by the soundest and most patriotic judgment. It is also unpleasant in every country, and more particularly in the United States, to form one of a hopeless and unpopular minority. The Democrats suffered the additional disadvantage of division among themselves, as the resolutions which accompanied the nomination of their candidate were framed by the promoters of peace, while General M'CLELLAN himself was pledged to the prosecution of the war, although he differed from his rival in his willingness to tolerate slavery after the revival of the Union. The Peace Democrats felt that they had been slighted, if not betrayed, by their nominee, and the warlike members of the party may have naturally feared to incur the imputation of lukewarmness in the national cause. On the whole, it may be said that the Republicans are never likely again to enter a political contest on terms equally favourable. The hundreds of thousands who supported M'CLELLAN practically gave utterance to a feeling of dissatisfaction, which probably spreads wider than the minority in the election. It would be judicious in foreign admirers of America to remember that the opinions which they applaud are not unanimously held by the population which they idolize. Few Englishmen, it may be hoped, are sufficiently fanatical to echo the language of the Rev. W. BEECHER, who, in one of many similar sermons, lately assured his congregation from the pulpit that those who canvassed for M'CLELLAN required neither judge nor jury, as they would be sure to go to hell at the day of judgment. This highly objectionable person is certain of impunity when he expresses, with equal good taste and moderation, the hatred which he and his kind naturally entertain towards England. It may not, perhaps, be equally safe or prudent to denounce as unpardonable traitors all the members of a party which governed his own country for forty years, and may govern it again. Lay Republicans have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to disgrace themselves by equally malignant buffoonery; but their leaders and their journals have deliberately adopted the rash policy of charging their political opponents with disloyal sympathies.

Mr. SEWARD, in his speech at Auburn, stated with fairness and accuracy the public advantage which he and his party expect from the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN. The Confederates will, he considers, be finally convinced, by the popular vote, that the North still believes in the possibility of a reconquest which it is determined to achieve. Athletic contests, as Mr. SEWARD says, are won by the best of three trials, and the Republicans have now marked two games running. It is perfectly true that the vote of the majority implies the obstinate continuance of the war, and a short time will show whether the Southern States and the Government of Richmond are intimidated by the formal renewal of the Federal challenge. The effect of the election on the Confederacy might be regarded with more anxious curiosity if the decision had not, for two or three months, been foreseen and discounted. During that interval there have been no symptoms of wavering, either in the council-chamber or in the field. Mr. LINCOLN's re-election was almost certain when PRICE invaded Missouri, when BEAUREGARD directed HOOD's army on SHERMAN's communications, and when GRANT's last attacks on both banks of the James River found the Confederate lines impregnable. During the same period the Governors of six Southern States have recommended Congress to raise a coloured army, not assuredly for the purpose of submission, nor in the hope of an early armistice. Still more significantly, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has refused the offer, relying at least for another campaign on the heroic and indomitable army which has so long proved itself a sufficient safeguard of Southern independence. Nevertheless, the perseverance of the Confederates can only be tested by experience; and if Mr. SEWARD's hopes are justified by the event, he may fairly set off the fulfilment of an improbable prophecy against the numerous miscalculations of the same fluent oracle. It is certainly possible that Southern writers may not have expressed their genuine opinion when they professed a preference for LINCOLN over M'CLELLAN. The Federal Government would have been for a time weakened by a change, and the Peace Democrats might perhaps, practically, have imposed on a President of their party some portions of the policy which he personally repudiated. It would have been almost impossible for M'CLELLAN to continue the system of repression which has enabled the Republicans to count on the nominal support of the Border States.



Being relieved from immediate anxiety for himself and for his party, Mr. LINCOLN will probably consider that it is more important to fill up the ranks of the army than to urge the Generals in the field to active measures. The recent scantiness of news may possibly have been caused by the knowledge that the Presidential election was already virtually decided. General BUTLER would hardly have been despatched to New York if GRANT had intended at the moment to make a fresh demonstration against Richmond. The rumours from the Western army are strange and improbable. A false or premature report that Atlanta had been evacuated was accompanied by the statement that SHERMAN, with his main army, was beginning a march through the untouched regions of Eastern Georgia and South Carolina to the coast at Charleston. A more surprising operation was never undertaken by any General, for the abandonment of Atlanta and of the Chattanooga road would be a confession of defeat, while the expedition to the Eastward would imply entire contempt for the forces of the enemy. There is reason to believe that BEAUREGARD's daring strategy has thus far produced great advantage to the Confederate cause. In the Valley of the Shenandoah, the retreat of SHERIDAN to Winchester shows that his successful combats have produced no decisive result. It would even seem that SHERIDAN belongs to the vapouring school of HOOKER and POPE, as the army which has, in his reports, been two or three times routed and demoralized is now pressing the Federals towards their own frontier, and once more threatening Maryland and Pennsylvania. An offensive movement is not likely to be made, except for the purpose of effecting a diversion in favour of General LEE; but if another Southern army crosses the Potomac, it will probably remember SHERIDAN's boast that he had devastated a large district in the most fertile valley of Virginia.

The accidental triumph of a minority would not have been a subject for satisfaction. A weak Government in America always bids for popularity at home by arrogance and querulousness in its foreign relations. Mr. LINCOLN, as the undoubted choice of the people, has no motive for discourtesy to England, and it is reasonable to hope that he may even check the ill-timed insolence of his subordinates. If the offensive language of the American Minister in Brazil is allowed to pass without punishment, a strong proof will have been afforded of the indifference of the Federal Government to international justice and courtesy. Mistaken offence has sometimes been felt at the remark that it would be the interest of the United States to employ public functionaries, and especially diplomatists, who would use the language and submit to the restraints which belong to the character of gentlemen. General WATSON WEBB has furnished a striking illustration of the justice of an unpalatable suggestion. He lately wrote a pamphlet against Mr. CHRISTIE, consisting of gossiping stories about collisions which were said to have occurred at dinner-tables, evening parties, and rubbers of whist. This singular publication comprised a list of noblemen, including the late Marquis of LANSDOWNE, who had invited General WEBB to dinner. The implied test of social position was flattering to English vanity, though it produced a whimsical effect when it was tendered by an indignant foreign diplomatist. General WEBB's acquaintances in London can scarcely have anticipated that he would take the opportunity of an American outrage on Brazil to throw in an entirely gratuitous and irrelevant insult to England. Addressing the Brazilian Minister for Foreign Affairs, General WEBB disavows the delinquent captain of the *Wachusett*, but he expresses his regret that, if the irregularity was to occur, it had not happened in an English port. The incidental objection that the *Wachusett* would have been instantly sunk or taken, may be forgotten for the moment in wonder at the imbecile rudeness of the subsequent tirade against England. The Brazilians are courteously reminded that they could not be expected to exercise an independent judgment when the greatest maritime nation had criminally recognised the belligerents as belligerents. It would not have suited General WEBB's purpose to admit that France performed the same act at the same time, and that every civilized State in the world has adopted the same policy. It is perhaps inconsistent in a Minister who excludes England from the ordinary courtesies of diplomacy to have boasted, in a letter to an English member of Parliament, published three years after the recognition of Confederate belligerency, of his acquaintance with English noblemen and statesmen. The ridicule and contempt which attach to intemperate coarseness of language concern the Government of the United States; but, if the despatch is not publicly censured, England will have a reasonable ground of complaint. It is discouraging to observe that General WEBB's

official superior, the SECRETARY of STATE, took occasion at Auburn to assert, in utter disregard of the facts, that there was a danger of foreign war, or, in plainer language, that his Government was on bad terms with England. The offensive insinuation was perhaps only intended for the purposes of the election, and, as it was vaguely expressed, it may be conveniently forgotten. As Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD are now firm in their seats, they can afford to respect their neighbours, and to check the impertinence of quarrelsome underlings.

#### THE CODRINGTON CASE.

PUBLIC morals have once more been elevated and improved by the discussion, in all classes of society, of the details of a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court. The result is an unpleasant conviction, which forces itself on the student of these dirty matters, that modern society is a very queer thing indeed. An Archbishop has recently addressed himself to the task of showing the injury done to ingenuous and unsophisticated minds by the suggestions of sensational fiction, but a far wider plague is infecting public morals by the existence of sensational fact. It is, we fear, not so much that slippery novels vitiate the moral sense, as that a largely spread corruption of general morals is too faithfully depicted by what are not exceptional or exaggerated pictures. In this CODRINGTON case, for example, who would expect to find in real life such extravagant and impossible characters, occupying such strange relations towards each other, as the Admiral and his wife, her two female *confidantes* and friends, and the Rev. Mr. WATSON?

As to Mrs. CODRINGTON, a jury has pronounced very unequivocally that she is an adulteress, and we have no reason to contest the substantial justice of their award. Yet, on examining the case, very grave and serious reflections arise as to the legal force of the evidence adduced, and as to the grounds on which the JUDGE ORDINARY directed the jury to their conclusion. The case is full of warnings on every side. If not precisely a marriage of January and May, the union of Admiral CODRINGTON with his wife seems to have been throughout one of evil omen. Immersed in business, devoted to his profession, and holding peculiar and somewhat un-English views on the limitation of families, the gallant officer seems to have made a remarkably unfortunate choice. In every possible respect Mrs. CODRINGTON was unsuited to her husband. Gay, frivolous, fond of admiration, *exigeante*, a spoiled child, and familiarized with Italian manners, the lady is thrown into all the idleness and dissipation of a place which combines the looseness of a garrison with the carelessness of at least one form of fashionable life. Whether Admiral CODRINGTON had either the power or the will to retain his wife's affections, or to inspire her with any sense of matronly duties, may, without a breach of charity, be doubted. From 1849 to 1856 they kept the peace externally, but in the year 1856 separation *à torto* began. If the husband tried to keep his wife within bounds, he failed. And of all strange modes of restraining a flighty wife, or of recalling an estranged one, that of cultivating such intimate relations with Mr. and Mrs. WATSON as those which commenced in 1861 was the strangest. Mrs. WATSON's character is a complete enigma. She was the *confidante* both of husband and wife—of a husband and wife who, if not absolutely separated, were living, and had for six years lived, in a state of connubial estrangement, and occupied separate rooms. Mrs. WATSON is a lady of austere virtue, and of very strict religious professions. In this character she became spiritual adviser and *confidante* of Mrs. CODRINGTON, whose character was her exact opposite; and it is a proof either of her powers of entering into other people's concerns, or of her exuberant charity, that she was also selected by the Admiral as the depositary of his secret domestic troubles, and of some of the stranger chapters of his married life. To this lady, according to her own account, Mrs. CODRINGTON volunteered some very ugly confessions, being no less than absolute revelations of two acts of adultery committed by her with a Lieutenant MILDMAY. Yet this did not interrupt the close intimacy with Mrs. CODRINGTON. The frail wife was still addressed by Mrs. WATSON as "always affectionately yours," and her "dearest Helen," and was still received into Mrs. WATSON's home and family; and, writing to Mrs. CODRINGTON's mother, Mrs. WATSON distinctly committed herself to the position that her daughter was so flighty and feather-brained that she was scarcely responsible for anything she said. To the Admiral not a syllable of this damning proof of his wife's guilt was revealed; but upon the return of the party to England in 1863, Mrs. WATSON

and her reverend husband gave themselves up to the delightful task of *employés* of the Private Inquiry Office, and, with the assistance of a cabman, sought for proof of Mrs. CODRINGTON's adultery with Colonel ANDERSON. A coroner's jury has recently, with remarkable impertinence, decided what, in the opinion of Aldgate shopkeepers, are not clerical pursuits; and an intimation from the JUDGE ORDINARY as to the propriety of Mr. WATSON's selection of extra-clerical duties might have its value if it were likely that any other English clergyman and his wife were likely to exhibit that peculiar form of religious friendship which Mr. and Mrs. WATSON have illustrated by their remarkable example. The jury found Mrs. CODRINGTON guilty of adultery with Lieutenant MILDMAY, who was not a co-respondent in the case, partly on the strength of the confession volunteered to Mrs. WATSON, partly on the evidence (very slight and unsatisfactory), of boatmen and the usual eavesdroppers, and partly on the fact that Lieutenant MILDMAY, being subpoenaed, put in no appearance. Now we have no reason to contest the substantial justice of this decision. Viewing the matter as men of the world, which the JUDGE ORDINARY seems to prescribe as the jurors' proper attitude in a divorce case, it is perhaps most likely that Mrs. CODRINGTON was guilty with Mr. MILDMAY. But the direct evidence is not worth a straw, and yet it is on Mrs. WATSON's evidence alone that the jury acted. We should regret that the acceptance of such evidence should be made a precedent. Confessions, even under the sacramental seal, are not always to be trusted. There is a certain prurient gratification in exposing moral ulcers which may lead excitable and hysterical persons—which Mrs. CODRINGTON certainly was—to accuse themselves of fictitious sins merely for the sake of attracting confidence. Mrs. WATSON certainly acted as though she believed this, or something like this, to be at the bottom of Mrs. CODRINGTON's hasty disclosure of her secret sins to a bosom friend of about a month's standing. If all private confessions must be received with hesitation, such a confession as that sworn to by Mrs. WATSON—so strange in itself and so strangely made, so religiously kept sacred and so curiously at last revealed, so slightly confirmed and so largely, by Mrs. WATSON herself, invalidated—is, to say the least of it, a very slight legal ground for convicting a woman of adultery. And, while saying this, we say nothing of Mrs. WATSON's anxiety and activity to prove her friend and penitent guilty of a second adultery, or of her qualities as a detective, and her skill as a locksmith; but we may remark that the history of Mrs. WATSON and Mrs. CODRINGTON ought to be a warning to wives in the selection of their female friends.

Colonel ANDERSON's case stands on different grounds from Lieutenant MILDMAY's; but here again, the legal value of the evidence against Mrs. CODRINGTON bears but a slight proportion to its moral force. It is quite true that the JUDGE ORDINARY, as soon as a Bill of Exceptions was about to be tendered to his ruling, directed the jury to exclude from their consideration Mrs. CODRINGTON's letter to Colonel ANDERSON; which was, in fact, no letter at all, but the draft of one, addressed to nobody, and perhaps never delivered. But this was not till after his Lordship had warned the jury that this piece of paper carried them three-fourths of the way to a conviction of Mrs. CODRINGTON's guilt—not till after he had significantly announced that the duty of the jury was to look at the matter as men of common sense and men of the world. No doubt the letter disclosed a state of feeling, at least, on Mrs. CODRINGTON's part, disgraceful and improper in the extreme. But it proved nothing. It might be an erotic exercise on this susceptible lady's part. Not only was it no legal evidence against Colonel ANDERSON, but it would be a wrong against justice and morality to make any man responsible for the trash addressed to him by a woman disappointed, vindictive, mischievous, or half mad. Still the letter, though no evidence, did its work. It confirmed other and halting proofs, and it propped up an unsubstantial edifice of surmises, inferences, suggestions, and probabilities which in themselves, singly or collectively, were not sufficient to ensure a conviction on legal, whatever their force on moral, grounds. We have no reason to believe that substantial justice has not been done in this case; still we must say that, if the Divorce Court is to be administered on these principles, it will require very careful watching. Of the occurrences at Malta, whether in Lieutenant MILDMAY's case or in Colonel ANDERSON's, there was much that was suspicious, much that could scarcely be reconciled with the lady's innocence, and not at all with her discretion, but it was not conclusive. The draft of the letter to Colonel ANDERSON was excluded from the consideration of the jury. Mrs. WATSON's evidence can-

not, on the most favourable construction, be adopted without the most serious hesitation. The interview at the Grosvenor Hotel, though replete with the gravest suspicion, is capable, if not of explanation, still of an ambiguous interpretation. And the result of the whole is that, upon an accumulation of inadequate and doubtful, though very damaging, pieces of evidence, Admiral CODRINGTON, who is rather the reverse of a model husband, is divorced from a wife whose affection he never had the good luck or good feeling to conciliate or retain. It is not to be denied that, taken together, the pieces of evidence against Mrs. CODRINGTON are not only not inconsistent with themselves, or with guilt, but present a definite picture of a wilful, passionate, ill-trained, and guilty woman. All we say is that, taken separately, the proofs are legally weak.

Any comments on this case would be incomplete without a slight reference to Miss EMILY FAITHFULL's connexion with it. ROUSSEAU somewhere speaks of the mould in which somebody was cast as having been broken after the first impression was taken. We do not desire to see many repetitions of any of the characters in the CODRINGTON Life Story. The Admiral and his wife, the unattached clerical gentleman and his wife, present a quartett of married folks united and opposed by such contradictory motives, and tied together and separated by such very conflicting interests and complicated friendships and enmities, as we have no wish or expectation ever to meet again. And Mrs. CODRINGTON's ill luck seems to have pursued her at all points. Her two female friends, Mrs. WATSON and Miss FAITHFULL, were both, in different ways, unlucky selections. And yet, with great points of dissimilarity, there is one thing common to the two *confidantes*—they both want a lesson in their own immediate profession. Mrs. WATSON is a very religious lady, and illustrates religion oddly. Miss FAITHFULL is a very sensible and strong-minded lady, but certainly needs a few lessons in common sense and ordinary judgment. We say nothing of her prudence or right feeling in retaining such very close intimacies with so exceptional a character as Mrs. CODRINGTON; but of her discretion there cannot be two opinions. Nor can there be much difference in the judgment which will be passed on the singular estimate she appears to have formed of the value of evidence. It is said that a mistake was committed in importing Miss FAITHFULL's evidence into this case; but for this mistake it was Miss FAITHFULL, rather than Mrs. CODRINGTON's legal advisers, who was responsible. If Miss FAITHFULL could at any time persuade herself that it was right to swear, or to allow somebody else to swear for her, that, as a matter of fact, an assault had been made on her chastity, when all that she knew was that a friend had told her this, we can only say that it is to be hoped the regenerator of her sex will not be held as an authority, by the ladies of the new school, on the nature of evidence and testimony; because hitherto we have thought that there were some matters on which a person's, especially a lady's, own senses were the best and only proof. It will be a consolation, however, to Miss FAITHFULL's friends to find that the presence of mind which so strangely deserted her in the privacy of Mr. FEW's office was restored to her in the crowded Divorce Court. And we may reasonably expect that the Victoria Press, and the many useful works which it will doubtless produce, will do something to restore that confidence in the judgment and discretion of the sex, especially in its most ripened development, which at present can hardly be said to have been greatly enhanced by Miss FAITHFULL's connexion, however indirect and unimportant, with the CODRINGTON case.

#### REDUCTION OF EXPENDITURE.

THERE is probably some truth in the rumour that the Army and Navy Estimates are to be reduced; but the zealous interpreters and advocates of a Ministerial policy which is yet undisclosed are imprudent, as well as premature, in their arguments for sudden economy. The Government is not likely to proclaim its complete conversion to the doctrines of its most bitter adversaries by adopting the language, as well as the policy, of the Peace Society. Parliament, even on the eve of a general election, will be indisposed to declare by its votes that an extensive naval and military organization has become unnecessary, because public opinion was a year ago utterly opposed to an unjust and inexpedient rupture with Germany. As long as Lord PALMERSTON remains at the head of the Government, there will be no formal and professed disarmament. Like other politicians, the PRIME MINISTER has repeatedly exposed himself to the charge of inconsistency in dealing with questions which others might



consider of primary importance. Reform Bills and Church Rates involve serious issues of principle and practice, but they concern Lord PALMERSTON only as the choice of an opera might concern a manager who had no ear for music. It is his business not to gratify a personal preference, but to consult the taste of his audience, and to make his theatre pay. In a period of violent domestic or constitutional controversies, Lord PALMERSTON would not have been for ten years the foremost statesman of the country. Where his own habits of thought and convictions are in issue, no Minister has been more remarkable for tenacity of purpose. The great change which has taken place in popular opinion has never modified Lord PALMERSTON's determination to uphold the independence of Turkey, nor have the remonstrances of his own partisans induced him to withdraw a single cruiser from the coast of Africa. From his first entrance into public life he has supported every proposal for the maintenance and increase of the national defences. Sir R. PEEL also was pliable under the pressure of circumstances, but in his own special department he was firm and consistent. Nothing would have induced him to produce a Budget without an estimated surplus, or to sanction an issue of unsecured paper currency. If Lord PALMERSTON has really consented to become a servile follower of Mr. COBDEN, he will have practically admitted that he has clung too long to office. It would be better to make way for Mr. GLADSTONE, or even to give Mr. DISRAELI the opportunity of abolishing the bloated armaments which he has denounced in Opposition. The present Government would only expose itself to ridicule and contempt by becoming suddenly convinced that the national armaments are maintained, at great cost, for no purpose of practical utility. The House of Commons itself, having, in the matter of public defences, come in like a lion, may perhaps appreciate the absurdity of going out like a lamb.

The experience of twenty years has proved to demonstration the necessity of maintaining an efficient army and navy. The celebrated Estimates of 1835 were found to be inadequate to the public wants in the middle of the most peaceable period of modern times. They had been already largely exceeded when the Egyptian or Syrian dispute of 1840 found the country unprepared for the imminent danger of a war with France; and two or three years later, during the angry correspondence with M. GUIZOT on the business of Otaheite, there was scarcely an English ship in the Channel, or a regiment which could have been sent to the coast. The Continental revolutions of 1848, and the re-establishment of absolute monarchy in France in 1851, created panics in England which were not the less discreditable because they were well-founded. In 1854 the Crimean expedition exposed defects of organization which were but partially excused by a peace of forty years. At the end of the war there was a natural demand for a large reduction of expenditure, and consequently, at the beginning of 1858, the country was exposed to painful agitation because the Emperor of the FRENCH allowed some ill-bred officers in his army to utter insolent menaces to England. The enormous expenditure of the four or five subsequent years forms the most conclusive argument against hasty and extravagant reductions. Periodical panics are as expensive as they are unbecoming, and they can be effectually prevented only by a consciousness of strength. There is probably room for a diminution of expenditure in the navy, if not in the army; but a Ministry would disgrace itself by disbanding large numbers of trained seamen, at the risk of having hereafter to employ a rabble of landsmen like the crews of Sir C. NAPIER's Baltic fleet. The official caprice which lays up turret-ships in ordinary, and embarks Admirals in wooden three-deckers, has no relation to any question of national or financial policy. A Government can scarcely claim the confidence of the country on the ground that it intends neither to make bonfires of bank-notes, nor to throw heaps of sovereigns into the sea. It is apparently necessary that a certain amount of maladministration should be perpetrated, but even Secretaries of the Admiralty profess to explain successive blunders. If the War Office and the Admiralty at any future time become economical and efficient, the reform will constitute an inestimable public service, but it will not be recommended by the reflection that, because Schleswig has been conquered, it is inconsistent to go to war on any other provocation.

It costs much less to exhibit strength than to exert it. If Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. GLADSTONE had spent two or three millions in arming in 1853, twenty times the amount would have been saved, because the Emperor NICHOLAS would have discovered that the English Government was in earnest. Two years ago, after the *Trent* outrage, a wiser policy

averted, at the moderate expense of a million and a half, an American war which would otherwise have almost certainly occurred. There is a certain risk in professed unwillingness to go to war, but foreign Governments are aware that popular feeling may change, and that it is unsafe to presume too far on voluntary patience. Obvious inability to fight has a more direct tendency to invite encroachment. As the English nation, notwithstanding all its pacific tendencies and professions, is not gifted with inexhaustible tolerance, peace and good will are most effectually promoted by a policy which discourages insult and injury. The most friendly feelings towards France are perfectly consistent with the recollection that, on the other side of the Channel, at least 200,000 men are at all times ready for immediate service abroad. In less than six weeks the French army can be raised to its full number of 600,000 men, and every State on the Continent maintains a force on nearly an equal scale. The United States of America, lying beyond the reach of possible invasion, dispensed till five years ago with a standing army; but since the commencement of the war, the two sections of the former Republic have raised three millions of men, and spent six or seven hundred millions sterling; and the Northern Government alone is now spending more than half a million a day. It is scarcely the moment for Lord PALMERSTON to announce his conversion to a belief in the universality and perpetuity of peace. There is happily no special reason for apprehending any European collision, nor are the Americans likely, in the ensuing year, to attempt to include Canada in the area of freedom; but the smallest proportional army in the world can scarcely afford at present to be largely reduced. If it should be thought desirable, before the impending dissolution, to bribe the constituencies by an exceptional remission of taxes, it will at least be prudent to find some plausible excuse for a total change of policy. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT are entitled to the copyright of the old Peace Society fallacies; and Mr. COBDEN himself has repeatedly insisted on the necessity of maintaining English supremacy at sea.

There is reason to hope that a considerable balance will be legitimately available for the relief of taxpayers. The revenue has been even more than usually elastic during the present year, and the heavy charge for shipbuilding which has lately been incurred ought to have diminished the necessity for a large additional outlay. The Miscellaneous Estimates scarcely admit of reduction. There is no clamour more unreasonable than the complaint that a sum not amounting to a million is spent in modifying, to a limited extent, the unfair burden which is laid on the liberal and enlightened part of the community by the necessity of providing, either at public or private expense, for popular education. The charge for the administration of justice, for jails, and for many other branches of the public service, necessarily increases with the growth of wealth and population. With continued prosperity, the gradual reduction of the charge on the National Debt will probably do more than cover the simultaneous increase of the Miscellaneous Estimates. If Mr. GLADSTONE has once more an estimated surplus of three or four millions to distribute, he can scarcely employ the occasion better than by reducing the Income-tax to fourpence in the pound. The supposed inequalities of the tax, though they would not really be affected by a diminution of the rate, would cause little discontent when the impost itself was comparatively trifling. In time of peace it would be practicable to maintain the same moderate percentage for many years, and in a short period the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being would be able to reckon on an annual receipt of five millions which could not be more conveniently raised in any other form. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is not in the habit of sparing his own labour, may perhaps have employed a portion of his leisure in considering some of the minor taxes which still cause an amount of inconvenience which is disproportionate to the advantage to the revenue. The Post-horse duty gives a monopoly to innkeepers and jobmasters, and it renders many hundreds of roadside stations comparatively useless to travellers, unless they have vehicles of their own at their disposal. A tax which is willingly paid by a privileged class ought always to be regarded with suspicion. There may be an advantage in limiting the number of auctioneers, but no State guarantee is necessary to ensure the sufficiency of a horse and a dog-cart. It is not impossible that, after satisfying, for two years in succession, the anticipations of competent judges of finance, Mr. GLADSTONE may surprise his followers by taking the wind out of the sails of his opponents. A reduction of the Malt-tax by one half would be an

ingenious party device, and a less skilful speaker than the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might support it by plausible arguments.

#### COX'S COMPLAINT.

IT is announced that there will be a vacancy at Finsbury whenever the dissolution comes, and, as the election draws near, the dream of filling that vacancy is possibly disturbing the slumbers and quickening the pulse of many a retired tradesman who is sated with such honours as Vestry and Common Council have to offer. If such there be, let them take warning by Mr. Cox's fate. The complaint which he has just laid before his sympathizing constituents may well curb an extravagant ambition. At its best, the path of a metropolitan member is desolate and forbidding. His Parliamentary duties are the smallest portion of his labour. Of themselves they are sufficient to exhaust most men's time, and they are exacted with a relentless rigour by metropolitan constituencies. Some years ago it used to be the fashion with metropolitan members—a fashion still pursued by Mr. Cox—to appraise their own and each other's merits according to the number of divisions per Session in which each had voted. At the end of each Session their partisans would count up their votes, and publish the sum total to the world, as an accurate expression of their member's competency. A very pleasant rivalry was introduced among metropolitan members by this test; and they would muster strong when bills were in Committee, and there were a good many divisions to be taken advantage of for electoral purposes. When a sufficient supply of the article was not to be obtained openly, it was procured illicitly; and the phenomenon of an extraordinary obstinacy seizing hold of the mind of a metropolitan member, and prompting him to divide the House again and again upon every subject that presented itself, would explain to the minds of the initiated that his score of divisions was running rather short, and that it was necessary to provide himself with a higher figure against the possibility of an early dissolution. Of late years the metropolitan constituencies have not attached so much value to the tale of divisions, and have rather insisted upon the constant appearance of their representative's name among the lists of debaters. At least metropolitan members, when they deliver their annual self-glorification, have for the most part given up dwelling upon the number of their divisions, and prefer to recount with complacency the speeches they have made. Perhaps the severest part of their sessional work, if so it may be called, is the ordeal with which it concludes. They have to undergo regularly, as the autumn comes round, the formal baiting among their constituents which to other members only comes as an occasional affliction. They are turned out and hunted to give sport to local orators during the recess, and the hounds do not observe any of the laws of sport in their game. The scenes at such assemblages are apt to be stormy, and resemble the first meeting of a bankrupt who has no assets with creditors who have but slight expectations, rather than any other kind of gathering.

But all this is only the Parliamentary half of the sufferings of a metropolitan member. The extra-Parliamentary portion of his duties, against which Sir MORTON PETO has rebelled, and from which he has sought refuge even in such a constituency as Bristol, are of a more heterogeneous kind. It is difficult to define the exact character, or number of characters, in which an English elector regards a constitutional representative. It is something compounded of a cockshy, a friend in need, and a parochial Providence. His most obvious character is that of a target for local vituperation; and in that respect he does great parochial service, by furnishing with innocent, and at the same time stimulating, excitement all the readers of county or borough papers. In every man of energy and thought there is a latent capacity for abuse, which preys upon his own mind unless he finds a vent to it. If it were not diverted, this faculty, bestowed sometimes in excess by a too bountiful nature, would be exercised in private gossip and detraction; and the local member is the recognised conductor provided by the Constitution to carry away its superfluity harmless. Then he further fills the part of general almsgiver to the constituency. The exact connexion between the duties of a member of Parliament and those of a relieving officer is not very easy to trace, but the two positions are closely associated in the minds of electors. A judicious discrimination between the distress of electors and non-electors, and a careful adjustment of the bounds of his compassion to the limits of the ten-pound franchise, are the representative's only chance of safety. In addition to this particular bene-

volence, he is held to the more general activity implied in the phrase of "putting himself at the head" of every local movement. It matters little what it is, or how far it may be germane to his own subjects of interest. Whatever has to be done in the parish—whether it be the mending of a road, or the foundation of a mechanics' institute, or the opening of a market-place, or the presentation of a piece of plate to the clergyman—the local member is called upon to take the lead, and to undergo all the correspondence, and interviews, and deputations which that position involves. This persecution prevails in most constituencies in a degree more or less aggravated; but it is in the metropolitan boroughs that it reaches to its severest and most intolerable point. Sir MORTON PETO has sunk under it, and Mr. Cox is left without a colleague.

Yet this is not the worst. Mr. Cox has to bear more even than the never-ending labour which has driven Sir MORTON PETO away. Some enemy has cruelly insinuated that the one incident of the representation of Finsbury which Sir MORTON could not bear was partnership with Mr. Cox. A more heartless innuendo could not have been devised, especially as it came from an organ of his own party. Mr. Cox felt that it must be repelled; and to effect that object he adopted the straightforward course of writing to Sir MORTON point-blank, to ask if the odious suggestion contained a particle of truth. Of course the answer was returned that might have been expected to such an appeal—a letter overflowing with protestations of affection to Mr. Cox. Mr. Cox, however, himself illustrated the value of statements of that kind by the reply which he gave to the questioner who asked him if he believed that Mr. STANSFELD had really been guilty of what was laid to his charge. Mr. Cox, like Sir MORTON, protested his affection to Mr. STANSFELD, and declared that he had only voted for Sir HENRY STRACEY's motion in order to enable the man whom it accused to clear his character. It is possible, therefore, that, in spite of his protestations, Sir MORTON may have shrunk from going before the electors with Cox and PETO inscribed upon his banner. But it is more likely that it was from distaste for a questionable honour, under which he and Mr. Cox are equally sufferers. Men do not undertake the labours of Parliament for nothing. It is still a bargain, though, by the growing improvement in public morals, it has been divested of the gross form of a money bargain. A candidate may not seek his seat for the pecuniary advantage it may bring him—if for no other reason, because it can hardly bring him any pecuniary advantage worth speaking of. But he still requires a consideration; and if he is not of an age or a temper to struggle for office, he seeks that consideration in the form of a higher social status. So many people in the upper classes have a strong interest in conciliating M.P.'s, that one of that happy number, if he has a taste for that sort of thing, may see almost any kind of society he cares to see. His position opens to him houses which, without the suffix of the two magic letters, he could not hope to enter; and it procures him civilities from great people for which he might, in a private capacity, have waited a very long time. For these reasons a seat is an object to a good many people who neither like the work of Parliament nor take any interest in party struggles. But a metropolitan seat confers these advantages in the smallest possible degree. The vote of a metropolitan member is as good as any other, and therefore he may enjoy those civilities which are of pure compulsion. But the vague indefinite advantages which are included under the term social consideration are attained to a very limited extent by a seat for one of the London boroughs. The constituencies have fallen into disrepute; and that disrepute has driven away the better class of candidates, by whose absence it is again increased. The evil odour attaching to these seats is not a matter of dispute, though the cause of it is obscure. There does not appear at first sight any reason why the ten-pounders of Marylebone or Finsbury should not be capable of as good a choice as those of Birmingham or Halifax. Something may be due to the floating character of the upper class in London, and their almost absolute disconnexion from the classes beneath them. In the great watering-places, where the disconnexion is even more complete, the constituencies are still more utterly worthless. But the probable cause is the one which we see at work in the case of both the present members for Finsbury. Sir MORTON is so pestered with business of a purely local character, wholly unconnected with his seat in Parliament, that he finds he can only retain the representation of Finsbury at the cost of giving up every other kind of business. Mr. Cox can only retain it at the price of undergoing such a baiting as he had to face on Tuesday evening, whenever he gives a single independent vote. Under these circumstances, Sir MORTON prefers to try his luck elsewhere, and Mr. Cox



elects to stay. But the present circumstances of the borough sufficiently explain why no list of eminent persons present themselves as candidates for its choice. It is evident that the facility of getting at your member is a temptation too strong for the magnanimity of the British elector to resist. He cannot refrain from exercising his prerogative by taking up the member's time and wearing out the member's patience, knowing that the member must endure it all with a smile if he desires to escape the forfeiture of his seat. If all members had to reside within reach of their constituents, it is possible that they might all become as bad as Finabury, and that Parliamentary government would become impossible. It is, however, clearly inevitable that, in whatever place Parliament meets, the representatives for that place must demoralize their constituents by living among them; and therefore metropolitan boroughs of the existing type are a necessary evil to which we must resign ourselves.

#### THE BRITISH-AMERICAN UNION.

THE projected union of the Provinces of British North America has made more rapid progress than could have been anticipated by any one who took account of the essential difficulties of the enterprise. It would be premature to speak of the scheme as a realized fact, because it still remains to secure a majority in each of five distinct legislative bodies, and to obtain—what will scarcely be refused—the sanction of the Home Government. The difficulties yet to be overcome are, indeed, much less than they appear at first sight. A project of legislation actively supported by Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, the Earl of DERBY, and Mr. DISRAELI could scarcely fail to pass our House of Commons; and it is with an influence of very much the same kind that the Bill of Union will be introduced into each of the Colonial Parliaments. With great judgment the several provinces sent as their delegates to the Conference the leaders of the Opposition, in company with members of the Government, and the overwhelming influence which the Conference, as a body, must have been conscious of wielding, probably contributed in no small measure to the business-like character of their proceedings. A judicious silence has as yet been maintained as to the discussions of the Conference, but the scheme finally agreed upon has been made public, and the many speeches delivered at the cities where the delegates have been entertained have made it apparent enough that the unanimous agreement at last arrived at was not reached without much sturdy conflict and many necessary compromises. It is amusing to observe the anxiety with which the representatives of each province strive to show that they bring at least their share of contribution to the common stock. If the Canadas have their vast area and important population to boast of, the maritime provinces plume themselves on their harbours and their ships; Newfoundland sets forth the value of her fisheries and her mines; New Brunswick has a vigorous trade to bring into the partnership; Nova Scotia adds coal to the products of the Confederacy; Prince Edward's Island is to be the Isle of Wight of British North America; and even the Red River settlements, to which a prospective privilege of joining the Union is held out, find themselves represented by a native who thinks them the most eligible places in the world for colonization, if only the Hudson's Bay Government were changed.

That thirty-three chosen representatives of different interests, in various provinces, should have come to a unanimous agreement on a scheme of union, after a discussion of two or three weeks, is itself some evidence that the project was not started before the time was ripe for it, and that the leaders in the movement had the sense to compromise many contested points. Upper Canada was by no means disposed to spend money on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway which is to bind together the members of the Federation, but it is made an essential element of the arrangement that this extension of the existing lines is to be one of the first works of the United Colonies. Without this pledge it would have been hopeless to seek the co-operation of the maritime provinces. With it, scarcely any terms would have come amiss to them. The extent to which the Union should be carried seems to have been one of the main subjects of controversy. The eager British colonists of the West would gladly have seen the whole country absolutely merged—as England, Scotland, and Ireland are—in a close legislative union; but local prejudices are strong in more than one of the colonies, and the substantial distinctions of religion, race, and language would have enlisted almost every man in Lower Canada in opposition to a measure which would have left them comparatively power-

less. It became essential, therefore, to limit the Union to some kind of federation which should leave religion, education, and, to a great extent, the administration of civil justice, under the direction of local Governments. But the warning of the great American schism was sufficient to exclude any imitation of the institutions of the United States. Instead of entrusting to a central government certain specified powers, and reserving to the component States all other attributes of sovereignty, the proposal is to allot to the local Governments their special subjects of jurisdiction, and to vest what may be called the residual sovereignty in the Federal authorities. In this way it is hoped that the risk of a disruption like that which has rent the United States may be altogether obviated, while at the same time local independence will be sufficiently respected to satisfy the narrowest provincial feeling. The independence of the Bench is to be preserved, as in England, by making the judges practically irremovable, and internal free-trade will be secured by vesting the power of indirect taxation exclusively in the Central Legislature. The whole frame of the Constitution prepared by the Conference bears testimony to the essentially loyal and British feeling which is interwoven with the patriotism of the North American colonies. The document commences with an express acknowledgment that the prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain; and the due influence of the home authorities will be maintained by the appointment of the Governor-General, and by a similar veto to that which is now exercised over the acts of the several provincial Parliaments. Indirectly, the Union promises to cement still more closely the interests and feelings of Great Britain and her magnificent colonies. In their present divided state, the separate provinces of British North America can scarcely take adequate measures for their own defence, and the extreme sensitiveness which they have shown to any reproaches on the subject has been in great measure due to their own conviction that they had borne less than their share of the burden of placing themselves in a position of security by the side of neighbours as strong and as unscrupulous as the United States. The concentration of all authority in military matters in the hands of a Government which will preside over nearly 4,000,000 of subjects will greatly alter their position for the better; and while all the leading statesmen who have taken part in the movement assume (as they may justly and fairly do) that England will not be wanting in their hour of danger, they are equally explicit in their avowals that more serious efforts may be expected from such a nation as they aspire to form than any of the separate provinces have yet had the determination to make. Little as it appears on the surface, there can be no doubt that the formidable growth of the military power of their neighbours has been one of the main inducements to the movement, and it may be confidently expected that the consciousness of increased national importance will stimulate the people of British North America to exertions which, in their position as separate colonies, seemed too much for their spirit or their strength. Perhaps the only serious opposition which the project is likely to meet with is that of a section of the French party in Lower Canada. As, however, the leader of this party, Mr. CARTIER, himself, if not the originator, at least one of the most energetic supporters of the scheme of union, it is almost impossible that any dissentient fragment of his followers can effectually impede the completion of the measure; and the marked consideration which is shown for the inhabitants of the French colony throughout the Report of the Conference can scarcely fail to diminish the suspicion with which some of them have perhaps naturally regarded the project. In fact, the separation of the two Canadas, as far as all local matters are concerned, will remove many subjects of difference in such matters as education, which were beginning to threaten serious difficulties in the Canadian Legislature.

The political constitution of the new nation is avowedly built upon the British model as nearly as circumstances would allow. The Upper House is to be nominated by the Crown, to consist of twenty-four members from Upper Canada, and the same number from Lower Canada, and from the three maritime provinces combined—Newfoundland being represented by four additional members. The representation of the House of Commons is to be apportioned among the provinces according to their relative populations, to be readjusted at each decennial census, Lower Canada always sending the fixed number of 65 members. The electoral districts and qualification are left to be determined by the local Legislatures of each of the component provinces. The seat of the general Government is to be at

Ottawa, subject to any change which may be made under the authority of the Crown. What at first was expected to prove one of the greatest difficulties—the settlement of the financial basis on which the colonies were to unite—has been easily surmounted. The actual burden of existing debts has proved on examination to be nearly proportional to the populations of the different provinces, and some small inequalities which remained are proposed to be redressed by a trifling annual payment to one or two of the lesser colonies.

Thus far the movement has prospered beyond expectation. A common interest well understood on all sides has carried the enterprise through without the means which were found necessary to bring about the Scotch and Irish Unions, and there is no reason to doubt that the members of the new Federation will derive the same advantages from their closer connexion which have resulted from the legislative amalgamation of our own islands. Commercial prosperity and military strength must be increased by a combination which will probably foster, at the same time, a national pride in their own American State, and a cordial understanding with the country which they still love to designate as home.

#### FRENCH AND ENGLISH FINANCE.

A FRENCHMAN seldom writes without leading up through his whole composition to a single definite idea, and M. VICTOR BONNET's comparison of the French and English systems of finance, which appeared in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, must be understood as one of many roads to the conclusion which he aims at enforcing, that "when liberty loses her place among the political institutions of a country like France, her sun is obscured, and her intellectual life extinguished." Under a régime like that of France, the baldest of truisms may convey the keenest satire, and the minute statistics by the help of which M. BONNET advances step by step to his obvious climax are as carefully detailed as if the sole object of the writer were to supply an exact account of the financial resources of the two great Western Powers. That the reality of Parliamentary control over expenditure depends upon the higher function of determining the policy of the country, and that no economy will be possible in France until political freedom is restored, is a lesson trite enough to us, but far from universally accepted across the Channel. With all the craving for liberty which inspires the intellect of France, there is little of that faith in the machinery of representative government which is held in so exaggerated a form among ourselves. Most Frenchmen, even among those who indulge in aspirations after freedom, would reject the idea of a Legislature dominant in matters of policy and questions of war as implying a displacement of the proper powers of the Executive; and, in insisting upon the necessity of a legislative body on the English model, M. BONNET has to contend with other prejudices than those which Imperialism has fostered. And yet, from our point of view, it does seem obvious enough that no system can work which gives the initiative in policy to one authority, and the control over finance to another. The theory that the power of the purse necessarily includes every other power, because all political action can be suspended by a stoppage of the supplies, is never more than a fiction until a right to influence the general course of government has already been won by a Parliamentary assembly. The French Legislative Body has now, by law, the most absolute right of refusing to vote the EMPEROR'S Budgets; but neither law, nor even the general feeling of the country, would justify it in an attempt to control the appointment of Ministers, or to direct the foreign policy of France. Even if the Assembly were more independent than it can be under the present electoral system, it would probably not be supported by public opinion in an attempt to use its privilege of rejecting a Budget for the sake of encroaching upon territory which is not considered to belong to it. The effect, however, is to reduce the representative part of the French Constitution to an absolute nullity. Authority over the finances, standing alone, is found to be utterly worthless; and year after year the Corps Législatif, with the most earnest desire for economy and light taxation, finds itself absolutely compelled to vote the most extravagant Budgets, and to sanction besides any amount of additional expenditure which the Imperial policy may have caused. M. BONNET seems to see very clearly that there is no remedy for this without adding a certain measure of political power to the financial control which the EMPEROR has conceded to his faithful Commons. But in France the advocates of Parliamentary Government, as we understand it, are few, though distinguished; and, however sincere the EMPEROR may be in

his professed anxiety to crown the edifice of liberty, it is not in this direction that he will feel himself strongly impelled to move.

M. BONNET's facts are not the less cogent because his conclusions have rather an English than a French tone, and the stoutest supporters of Imperialism can scarcely fail to admit that, in the matter of finance, we do manage better in England than even a genius like M. FOULD can do in France. With all his ability and prestige, M. FOULD has been a failure. If purely financial measures could have cured the disorders which he was called in to remedy, he would no doubt have had a brilliant success; but he had practically no power to control extravagance at its source, and he has produced no visible effect upon the increase of the French debt, the growth of the annual Budgets, or the amount of the floating liabilities of the Treasury. A Minister who took as his principle the equilibrium of taxation and expenditure could not but be opposed to formal loans, yet M. FOULD has not succeeded in diminishing the amount annually drawn, in one form or another, from capital for the purpose of defraying current expenses. Sometimes a veil has been thrown over the transaction, but his clever operations on the Rentes were in reality just as much drafts on the future resources of the country as if they had taken the form of regular loans. The same may be said of other appropriations of capital funds for the purpose of balancing the Budget of the year, and M. FOULD would probably be the first to admit and to regret the utter failure of his crusade against Imperial extravagance.

M. BONNET passes in review the period from 1852 to 1864. Both in France and in England, he finds the inevitable growth of public expenditure which springs from increased population and accumulated wealth. In the interval, England has had to bear the pressure of the Russian war and the Indian mutiny. France has had her two wars also, in the Crimea and in Italy, and the lesser wars of the two countries may perhaps fairly be set off against each other. If England has developed her trade during this period with more than her accustomed vigour, France has also grown in wealth and commercial enterprise with a rapidity which has scarcely ever been equalled. The period chosen for comparison is as fair as need be, and the results, which M. BONNET exhibits side by side, may be fairly set down to the difference of the political institutions of the two countries. In England, expenditure has swelled from 50,000,000*l.* in 1852 to 67,000,000*l.* in 1864; though this difference has to be reduced by the cost of collection, which was not included in the accounts of 1850. Altogether, the public expenditure has increased in these twelve years by as many millions. But, in the meantime, we have had an annual surplus, and taxes have been remitted with a freer hand than ever. M. BONNET is probably not far wrong when he estimates the taxes remitted since the commencement of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Free Trade policy as approaching 20,000,000*l.* The other side of the picture is equally remarkable. The scale of the annual expenditure has risen in France from 56,000,000*l.* to 93,000,000*l.*—a growth of not less than 37,000,000*l.* Notwithstanding the increased productiveness of the indirect taxes, and the relief obtained by loans, all the fiscal changes up to the date of the Commercial Treaty move in the direction of increased taxation.

The variations in the funded debts of the two countries are not less significant. The Crimean campaigns compelled both France and England to draw upon posterity; but since the peace we have paid off more than 16,000,000*l.*, while the debt of France has been steadily growing at an average rate of nearly 10,000,000*l.* a year. M. BONNET calculates the total of the inscriptions made under the Empire at 140,000,000*l.*, and puts the annual charge at 27,000,000*l.*, which is as nearly as possible equal to the interest of the English debt. There is a little exaggeration in this statement, because the charge of the imaginary Sinking Fund is comprised in the estimate; but even without including any doubtful figures, it is a sufficiently important fact that the burden of the debt of France is rapidly approximating to that of England. Ours has diminished since 1815, while that of France has increased about eight-fold; the most rapid additions having been made in two periods, one of which was burdened with the payments consequent on the disasters of 1815, while the other is co-extensive with the reign of the present Emperor. M. BONNET's inference, that English institutions are more favourable to economy and prosperity than those of the Empire, is certainly irresistible, and he is as clearly right in abandoning all hope of amelioration from mere financial changes. He very truly remarks that the Budget



Commissioners of every year report in the same invariable strain of remonstrance, and with the same absence of results. It is in vain to plead for economy without the power of checking a policy which is fatal to it, and M. BONNET knows that it is hopeless to ask for additional powers to be granted to the Corps Législatif. He seems to think it less hopeless to demand the cessation of Government interference in the elections, and the relaxation of the laws by which the Press is gagged.

Whether such reforms would ever enable the representatives of France to assume a real political or financial control, may be doubtful; but, if there is the remotest chance of such a result, it is scarcely probable that the EMPEROR will concede them. All the acuteness of Frenchmen, of whatever party, has failed as yet even to suggest a means by which Imperialism can be combined with liberty; and M. BONNET's argument, that liberty must precede economy, is tantamount to a prediction that the old course of extravagance will continue to the end of the Imperial régime.

#### INCOMPLETENESS.

WE suppose that no man engaged in any work not merely mechanical—in any work requiring thought, skill, and care—ever left off wholly satisfied with his performance, or ever turned from it without some misgiving, some sense of self-reproach that he was resigning it to its destination because he was weary of it or fearful of doing mischief by some reckless touches, not because he honestly believed he had done all there was to be done. He ends his effort with a sense of its incompleteness; he wishes that a more strenuous gathering of his powers could give the finish and perfecting that it wants. Whether it be a poem, a treatise, or a picture, whether brain or hand has been at work, he knows that something more has to be done by the best part of himself; only he shrinks, or believes himself to shrink, from the energy of concentration which would enable him to embody his ideal. Supposing the celebrated critic whose strictures all rested on this assumption to be attended by the artists whose paintings were under review, would not the conscience of every one of them respond, with an obedient twinge, that the picture *could* have been better if the painter had taken more pains? Yet, broadly speaking, the whole is a fallacy, resting on the preference men invariably show to acknowledge incompleteness in their works rather than in themselves, in the very structure of their minds. People talk glibly of their ideal, and believe in so talking that their minds can sketch out a bold rough draught of perfection; but the ideal of most people is the dimmest of shadows—a speck in the distance which they hope to overtake pen in hand:—

Such is the echo's fainter sound,  
Such is the light when the sun's down'd;  
So did the fancy look upon  
The work, before it was begun.

Incompleteness is a law that no pains can really stand against. Pains after a while defeat themselves, being pursued on a false assumption. We are obliged to dismiss our work incomplete, not satisfying even ourselves, and fain to shut our eyes on rawness and defects that we cannot cover or remedy. If we will not submit to failure, and discrepancy of parts, we must give up head-work altogether. This is a theory subject, we are fully aware, to any amount of abuse, but the counter-principle which seems to affect a higher standard of duty and effort is answerable for failure on a far larger scale.

We have observed that persons who cannot acquiesce in incompleteness do nothing, or next to nothing. They either suffer their powers to lie idle, or they grow finical and unnatural, and can say nothing in a plain way. To minds of this class, a work of any magnitude is a mountain that grows higher with every attempt to scale it. They undertake things and do not go through with them, and their task is either left undone or transferred to robuster or, as they feel, less discriminating hands. For this niceness does not induce humility. The man who leaves others to do the work which he believes he could do better, who regards his own light as hid under a bushel, is apt to make a critic fastidious even to sourness. That sigh of mingled relief and disgust with which the writer lays down his pen—"It must do!" "It may as well go!" humbles while the impression of it lasts. Such men are made vain, not by their own approval, but by success, if they attain it. When popularity comes, and the world runs after them, they are excusably willing to adopt the world's estimate.

There are no doubt constitutional differences. Some persons leave off with a glow of elation which is uppermost for a while; but this is a very unhealthy condition of intellect to last, and there is no state so nearly verging on loss of reason as the conviction of having attained absolute completeness, which, in other words, is perfection. But for the saving touch of perverseness in choosing to resist the world's verdict—which makes the arrogance less real—we should say that Southey's mind all but toppled to its fall when he pronounced of his *Madoc*, which nobody ever read through—"Unquestionably the poem will stand and flourish. I am perfectly satisfied with the execution—now eight months after its publication—in my cool judgment. . . . I shall get by it less money than fame, less fame than envy; but the envy will be only

life-long." And Southey's excessive industry, which never wearied of work of any sort, "polishing and polishing, adding and adding," as he says, enabled him to bestow those finishing touches to the minutest nicety which other men recoil from after a time, and yet believe so telling and glorifying if they could only bestow them. However, few persons are industrious in this degree, certainly very few successful writers; and one reason for the impression of incompleteness is, that people cannot do their work at all except under the pressure of a certain amount of hurry. The worker must feel himself at bay, driven to a corner; or, if circumstances do not supply this stimulus, he has to invent a necessity, to fix periods for himself, to run races with time. Stringent necessity of some sort is the ordinary task-master. "What must be done, Sir, will be done," said Dr. Johnson. "A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it." A man in this frame can't help believing he would do better with more time; but, whatever defects we find in Johnson's style, we who read him do not regret that he had not more time for retouching.

We do not, of course, suppose that the completest achievements of men are performed under such conditions. If a man knows how to use leisure, if he has powers of protracted concentration in proportion to his other powers, his work will be complete in a fuller sense than the hurried procrastinating man can possibly attain to, though still not complete enough to satisfy himself. But in all such cases the completeness is ingrained, not imparted by subsequent touches. No one is completer in his way than our poet Gray, for nobody took more time about his work; but it was time in the process of composition; his celebrated adjectives and epithets were part and parcel of his verses, which came from his head, as his friend said, armed *cap-à-pie*. Yet he said of himself:—"Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, conspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry; this I have always aimed at, never attained." He aimed at it line by line, and warns the prolific Mason against his way of casting down his first ideas carelessly and at large, and then clipping them here and there, and shaping them at leisure. The poor jaded author who wishes he had time and patience to reduce his diffuseness to conciser limits should change his vain longings into a lesson for the future, never to let his pen run on in the hope of being able to clip and pare and touch into terseness and strength, as a subsequent effort.

And if correction has so narrow a field—if it can repair, but never reform, even while the subject is still fresh and malleable in the writer's mind—its work is still more limited when the heat of composition is past. That performance is weak and poor indeed that can be mended materially after years have past. If bad, it may of course be rendered harmless, but it will be at the expense of its individuality; it will have no distinct marks of the head and hand that struck it off, nor of the influences which gave birth to it. An old poet doctoring his early verses had better be knitting, or knotting, or basking in the sun, as all the readers of Wordsworth must feel who have the misfortune to possess the edition with his latest emendations. They miss favourite lines which have been finished, and corrected, and trimmed, till they have lost half their meaning, and all their feeling and rhythm; and this, too, after having hunted up and down for them in the new order of arrangement through which the poet has endeavoured to prove to himself and the world that his works are a complete whole—the smallest and most insignificant poem a conscious stone in a noble edifice of exact architectural proportions. This, we take it, is rebellion on a large scale against the law of incompleteness which attaches to man as man.

To those who keenly feel this law acting on themselves, and yet work on, the world is very ready to suggest that the self-immolation is voluntary, and obliges nobody. There are plenty of people to cry out for fewer books, and better—that is, completer—ones. But these people rarely indeed act upon their own suggestion; they leave the completest books in undisturbed rows on their shelves, and read what is written in inevitable haste and compulsion. And, in fact, much of our most charming literature is diurnal literature; and the work of the day that no morrow can revise must inflict regrets of the sort we mean on its writers, and that in proportion, we fully believe, to the amount of thought employed. There is a cheap completeness attainable, a uniformity of effort, perhaps at no great expense; but where there is real thought, it will now and then flag. As Charles Lamb says (after fishing up his absent friend out of the river), "Great previous exertions—mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by debility of purpose." The author is conscious of this debility of reaction. Nobody wishes Addison to have taken more time, or to have revised his *Spectator*; yet we know that he wrote many of his papers very fast, and sent them to the press as soon as they were written, and he now and then shows himself very sensible of defects which he thinks time would have remedied. Thus he defines some of his best essays as loose thoughts set down without order or method; admitting that there is always obscurity in confusion, and that the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of the discourse perplexes him in another. That is, he felt himself incomplete, and regretted to leave his work unmethodized—a regret his readers do not share, being aware that, if he had attempted to reduce his sentences into order after they were once set in their places, much grace and felicity of language must be sacrificed to something of much less consequence. In fact, the more hold a man has on his subject, the more he is penetrated with it, the more difficult he finds it to satisfy himself in his method of putting it before others, so as to show it fairly.

We are not writing for a certain class who abandon themselves

to an impetus which seems never to encounter misgiving at any period of its flow. These writers' sense of incompleteness resides solely in want of space. They must leave off while there is still much more to say; their regrets are a quarrel with time, and with the limited patience of other men, not with their own handling of their theme. This spurious completeness, as far as it goes, is wholly incompatible with severe thorough apprehension. Thus the misgiving we mean is least found in self-educated or imperfectly educated writers—whether they are ignorant of other men's thoughts, and thus of the commonplaces as well as the complexities of their subject, or are simply followers without knowing it in another man's wake, thinkers at second-hand, taking a line for granted and bestowing all their labour on oratorical ornamental modes of setting it off. A good deal of clever persuasive writing is to be met with everywhere, and abounds in America—expressed with a warmth, a zest, a confidence amounting to eloquence, which forbids the idea of self-mistrust at any period at or after its composition. We see that the writer not only is satisfied and complacent, but will always remain so. But the impression upon the attentive reader, as much from this complacency as anything else, is that the writer has never fairly faced his subject on his own independent account; and that real independent hard-working thought, taken up at separate intervals, and looking at facts on their different sides, is not in his way. If a man's mind and intellect have their gaps, and breaks, and defects in machinery and working power, nothing is gained to him in the long run by the delusive notion that he is clear and consistent, that he either sees things or expresses them with a fuller command than he really holds. The assumption acted upon necessarily induces insincerity, and that loose way of bridging over or ignoring difficulties which we see in some popular writers, without being able to determine how far they know what they are doing, or are led by the instinct of keeping up appearances.

Men must reconcile themselves to a faulty vein and a continual falling short of expectation. When they fail, they are wiser and even happier in the long run for knowing it, and working on in spite of the discouragement. But not the less are completeness and truth to conception the only qualities to make a work live. These are what induce posterity to take it into charge and keeping. While men still live and write and act, their efforts are judged by another rule, or at least by a variety of tests. A man of prolific active powers, whose name is perpetually before the world—who is always doing, saying, writing—must occupy a higher standing than the man of one good thing. But in a future age one good thing of four lines, if it happens to be better than any of the many thousand of his more versatile and widely intelligent contemporary, will outlive them all. The man happy in an inimitable love-song is remembered; the man of a thousand admired efforts is forgotten. There is a great deal to be said for the man of many parts; his was the nobler course. You cannot condense the action and virtue of a life into a triplet. But there are so few perfect things in this world that completeness is, from its very rarity, the fittest metal for Fame's currency.

#### THE FICKLE POPULACE.

OF all the venerable aphorisms that have grown threadbare by centuries of remorseless wear and tear, few have been put to harder work than that which attributes fickleness to the "popular herd." In spite of its dignified antecedents, Lord Macaulay has somewhere ventured to deny its justice. The populace, he says, is not so fickle as kings or as statesmen. The populace often sticks to its favourites after every one else has given them up. It sometimes continues to believe fanatically in its hero, after he has been unlucky and dishonest, and done everything short of picking pockets. It worships the same idol when it has been shown to be a wretched puppet, when the stuff of which it is made, and the very strings by which it is worked, have been laid bare for every one to inspect. Jack Wilkes was a profligate demagogue, who had scarcely rags enough of virtue left to cover his nakedness, and who had not even the poor merit of imposing upon himself. But after his most determined backers had found him too dirty to soil their fingers with any longer, the London mob continued to be of the sect of Wilkites, of which he confessed never to have been himself a member. Long after Monmouth had been deserted by all his great friends, men of the people, as the French call them, were ready to die for him. And doubtless, if it were necessary, an indefinite number of other examples might be found to confute at least the universal application of the ancient formula. But probably there never was an ancient formula which could not have a coach and four driven through every clause. When a truth has been boiled down to a small enough compass to be packable into a proverb, it must lose a good deal in the process. When you have stripped off all the external husk of qualifications and distinctions by which it is guarded, the kernel which remains loses in safety of application what it gains in pith and flavour. It can no longer be applied indiscriminately, though it is more forcible when used appropriately. When David said, in his haste, "All men are liars," he might have put his saying quite in order if he had waited to add an explanation or two. If understood in a Parliamentary sense, all men may be said to be liars. If by a "lie" we mean every statement which is not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and if by a liar we mean a man who lies when he is in

a rage, or on the hustings, or writing a despatch, or under other extenuating circumstances, we may say at our leisure that all men are liars. Certainly the exceptions will not be sufficiently numerous to do more than illustrate the rule. Thus, to return to our original proposition, the assertion that all mobs are fickle may be sufficiently true as a general principle, although the exceptions are numerous and remarkable enough to justify us in adding a qualifying supplementary aphorism. We might find, for example, that though an English mob will, as William III. complained, cry "Hosannah" one day and "Crucify" the next, in the case of nine men out of ten, the tenth man possesses a charm which works on popular feeling with uniform intensity. And it may perhaps appear that the extreme ease with which they will give up one set of opinions really helps them to cling more tenaciously to their favourite exception. The fact that a tree lets all its leaves blow one day from the north, and the next from the south, only gives a firmer grip to its roots.

Thus, to take an example, English popular opinion has gone round every point of the compass several times over with regard to Louis Napoleon. After the *coup d'état*, we could not find words strong enough to give him our mind. Scraps of all sorts of oratorical denunciation, from schoolboy assaults upon Tarquin down to our grandfathers' compliments to Napoleon the Great, were furnished up for the occasion. *Punch* represented him riding blindfold over dead bodies and cannon into a bottomless pit. There was no stone not good enough to throw at a bloody-minded despot. A year or two later, our faithful ally was driving through London, on a visit to the Queen, amidst enthusiastic acclamations. Then the French colonels proposed to drag the assassins of their Emperor from their dens in London, and we began to remember that he was a bloody-minded despot again. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone have succeeded in putting matters right with the Commercial Treaty, and some of us are now ready to assert that France is the leader of European civilization, and that her progress is entirely due to the profound sagacity and deep designs of the Emperor. Now a man with the best means of information may well be allowed to have modified his estimate—perhaps more than once—of the character of a man whose intentions have always been the great enigma of Europe. It would have required a very penetrating insight to distinguish the Emperor of 1864 in the retarding exile of 1848. But the violent oscillations of popular opinion—its alternate fits of execration and adulation—have incomparably exceeded in amplitude the variations in any critical estimate of his merits. A sensible man might find out that, after all, Napoleon was not so silly as he once seemed to be, nor so wicked as to be devoid of good qualities; but the mob, after calling him a devil one year, pass the next in describing him as an angel without wings. The explanation of this is, of course, simple enough, and not discreditable to the mob, however discreditable it may be to those who pander to their tastes. Napoleon, to them, is a mere sound—a vague inscrutable phenomenon somewhere in foreign parts, whose name is used to clothe sundry abstract tendencies. Now the English mob has certain very strong and very creditable prejudices. It thinks that a man is in the wrong who shoots his fellow-countrymen by scores, and ships them off to Cayenne by hundreds for objecting to the process. Taking for granted that all the assertions made in the newspapers were sober and unexaggerated statements of fact, the mob showed a healthy sentiment in speaking of the perpetrator accordingly. Again, it has never lost its hold on the old creed that one Englishman is as good as three Frenchmen, and on the obvious corollary that England ought not to put up with any insolence from France. This, which was the actuating motive of the latest volley of abuse, is also a doctrine which no Englishman should willingly let entirely die. Finally, the common sense of the masses teaches them that trade is a good thing, and that trade is encouraged by our being on good terms with France. To praise Louis Napoleon is a forcible way of putting this sound doctrine before the public. Hence, we should interpret the words, "The Emperor of the French is a tyrant," to mean, "We hate men who commit massacres in the streets," or, "We will fight any one who insults England." "The Emperor of the French is a good fellow" means, on being translated, "We wish to keep the peace and to stand by free trade." The fault of the popular cry lies in the shortness of the popular memory. An uneducated man does not take the trouble to construct any coherent theory about an intermittent foreigner, who only claims attention at intervals far enough apart to allow each mental image to have become indistinct before the apparition of another. The varying language about him merely corresponds to the various parts which he acts relatively to English prejudice. If you insult a bargee, he sets you down in summary language as "a black-guard." Six months afterwards you give him a shilling, and he is kind enough to describe you as "a gentleman." He has never thought enough about you to care a straw for the apparent inconsistency of his judgment, any more than he cares to inquire, by a careful induction, whether the presentation of sixpence to himself conclusively proves the donor to be a gentleman.

The process by which the populace thus summarily wheels round, without even a momentary qualm of conscience, is simple enough. The opposite process, by which it sometimes clings tenaciously to a particular piece of hero-worship, is not unfrequently due to a different working of the same principles. When a man once becomes identified with any of those strong national prejudices which sometimes remain unaltered for centuries, nothing can



affect his popularity except a disproof of his sincerity. His name becomes a symbol associated inextricably with a whole network of likes and dislikes. The English people entertain, at the bottom of their souls, a hearty hatred of the Pope. Right or wrong, their passions are instantly inflamed by the mere sight or sound of Papistical furniture. Therefore, if they once get it into their heads that some man whose name is heard often enough to make him a living personage is also a defender of Popery, all the virtues of all the saints and martyrs of Christianity would hardly save him from detestation. A converse example, of a man gaining unbounded popularity by being converted into the accepted representative of a popular article of faith, is Thomas Jefferson. To an American, Thomas Jefferson means simply democracy in flesh and blood. He is the incarnation of the inalienable rights of man, of the equality of all men before the law, and of all that list of political dogmas which forms the gospel of democracy. The man himself undoubtedly possessed considerable ability. But his ability was certainly inferior to that of many of his contemporaries. He talked some of the greatest nonsense that any human being ever mistook for political philosophy. As a practical statesman, his career was singularly inglorious. It was summed up in a policy of drifting into war without dignity, and of bringing the country, by way of preparation, to the acme of discontent and the very verge of premature secession. In his relations to other prominent men, his conduct was a mixture of meanness and jealousy. He contrived to insult even Washington by writing a spiteful letter behind his back, which covered him with confusion by its accidental publication. He seems to have had few of those qualities which strike the imagination of large masses of people. But he had the singular advantage of having written the Declaration of Independence. Circumstances made him the first leader of the Democratic party; and he had the power of expressing, in a pointed style, that precise set of platitudes which exactly suited the popular palate, and of expressing them in good faith, and without the slightest misgiving such as would have infallibly been suggested to a more powerful understanding. He thus became installed as the first figure in the national pantheon. He was the model teacher of the dominant creed. He was the first man who had said what ninety-nine hundredths of his countrymen have been saying ever since in very nearly the same words. He consequently exercised a power over the minds of his own generation to which no subsequent statesman, except perhaps Jackson, has been able even to approach. To shake his popularity, or to weaken the popular faith in his unlimited capacity, would have been as vain as it would have been (for far more creditable reasons) to make a similar attempt against Washington. In such a case as this, it is plain that the higher intellects would have been *primæ facie* more liable to the charge of fickleness than the populace. Washington gradually found out Jefferson's weakness, and changed his opinion of him. The great mass of Americans accepted him as a kind of national apostle, and simply laughed at any attacks upon his credit.

The popularity of most statesmen rests, of course, upon much narrower grounds than this. It is seldom that circumstances or genius enable any man to have an article of national faith christened after his own name. Wilberforce, for example, might be turned, by the faculty which forms popular myths, into the slayer of the great monster, negro slavery. But, genuine as the Abolition sentiment was in England, it necessarily remained confined within comparatively narrow limits. It was the hatred of an evil not present to the senses, but lying at a distance, and in a strange country; and thus, though Wilberforce's popularity might be intense in quality, it did not spread through a wide enough area to be of the absolutely immovable order. There always remained a large section of his countrymen who regarded him with only a qualified and conditional admiration. In England, where social varieties are so much greater than in America, the foundation of a popularity extending through many different strata of society is of course proportionately difficult. The most universal sentiment, that of national vanity, is the securest base. The most straightforward way of gratifying this sentiment—that of gaining distinction for the country in war—produces the colossal popularities, such as Chatham's, or the Duke of Wellington's. If a man is so fortunate that his name is always the first weapon that comes to hand to insult a foreigner or to soothe our own patriotism, he has an almost unassailable position; though, even in Wellington's case, there was an interval during which party divisions caused a revulsion of popular sentiment. George III. might fall out with Lord Chatham over fifty different causes of quarrel, but "Chatham" still meant, to the minds of the great mass of his countrymen, a period of national glory, followed and preceded by periods of national disgrace. But few men have the opportunity to gain such a position as this; and when we have no particular reputation to boast of, the national sentiment makes shift with the mythical character of John Bull. The existence of John Bull is a standing proof of the necessity, to the popular mind, of personifying the nation before men can comfortably express their patriotism. They can praise John Bull's virtues, and chuckle complacently over his eccentricities, without palpably praising their own merits. But, excellently as John Bull serves for a stalking-horse, a real live statesman serves much better. When the nation can get hold of a well-known man, the outlines of whose character resemble, to the popular fancy, that of our traditional representative, they all but identify the two characters. They project their own ideal into the form of John Bull,

and, when they see him realized in flesh and blood, they worship their own image with almost touching fidelity. When a man has established a reputation for being able to perform this part to the life, his fortune may be said to be made. The people will be as kind to his virtues and as blind to his faults as they would be to their own. If there is any deficiency in his personal character, they will readily fill it up from the characteristics of the ideal hero. Such a man must really have shown great qualities. He must have exhibited at least a power of being in perfect sympathy with the general current of public feeling, of talking the language that Englishmen understand, and of representing us at least to our own satisfaction. If, in consideration of this, the people are ready to stick to him after discerning minds have become dissatisfied, to forgive his faults freely, and to supply him with imaginary virtues, it is creditable to them on the whole, and certainly exhibits another example of the superior stability, under certain conditions, of popular favour.

#### EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY.

AN Egyptian monument of unusual interest and importance has just been brought to light at Abydos, the holy city of Egypt, and the cradle of her earliest kings. The fortunate finder, Herr Dimichen, a young and zealous Egyptologist, who has for the last year been engaged in collecting inscriptions from temples recently disinterred, and who has already reaped a rich harvest of texts before unknown, has lost no time in communicating to the world this crowning discovery. The monument in question is a tablet containing a list of seventy-six Egyptian kings, from Menes down to Seti-Meneptah I., the king whose coffin now lies in the Soane Museum, and whose age may be placed approximately *a.c.* 1400. The tablet represents this king and his celebrated son, Ramesses the Great, as a boy, offering homage to their royal ancestors, who, according to Egyptian belief, passed a happy immortality in contemplating the splendid deeds of their descendants. A similar monument, known as the tablet of Abydos, the fragments of which are now in the British Museum, has long been famous in the history of Egyptian research. It adorned a temple of Osiris, built by Ramesses the Great, and when found by Mr. William Bankes, in 1818, was already more than half destroyed. About thirty royal names remained, and these long formed the basis of all speculations upon the Egyptian annals. The newly-found tablet has hardly a flaw from beginning to end, and is far more complete in every way than any other catalogue of kings yet known. The well-known tablet of Karnak, dating in the reign of Tethmosis III.—that is, about five or six generations before Seti-Meneptah I.—contained, when perfect, the names of sixty-one kings, of which about a third are obliterated; and the tablet found four years ago by M. Mariette in the tomb of a private individual at Sakkarah, dating in the reign of Ramesses the Great, contained fifty-eight kings, of which several are obliterated. The famous Turin papyrus, which originally comprehended a complete series of kings far fuller than either Manetho or any of the tablets, is now a mere heap of fragments, from which only a few of the names can be recovered. The new tablet of Seti has the inestimable advantage of leaving no doubt as to its contents. There is no room for dispute or conjecture; the whole that the composer of the list intended it to contain is there, and it only remains for the Egyptologist to consider what inferences are to be drawn from it. Fortunately we have now arrived at a point in Egyptian inquiry where it is possible to use such a monument as this without being led into erroneous conclusions, as was the case with those who first speculated upon the old tablet of Abydos. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that a list of kings found in a public building must be treated strictly as an historical document, and as representing the historical knowledge of the era when it was drawn up in the most complete way. The lists of Abydos and Karnak were, in short, treated as records. This idea gave rise to immense difficulties, as it was soon discovered that these lists differed from one another and from Manetho in certain very remarkable particulars. The tablet of Abydos brings the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties of Manetho into immediate conjunction, whereas that historian places a period of many hundreds of years between them. The Karnak tablet presents some of the kings of the twelfth dynasty out of order, and contains other mysterious arrangements which it has exercised the ingenuity of Egyptologists to explain. These difficulties, however, vanish when it is perceived that these tablets are not meant strictly for historic records, and that history is made to bend to artistic treatment. The object was to represent the king doing homage to his predecessors, and, as the kings of Egypt were very numerous, it was requisite to exercise a certain discretion in forming the list. By comparing these various catalogues with each other, and with the Turin papyrus and the remains of Manetho, it is evident that not one of them was intended to contain the name of every king. In the Karnak tablet, for instance, the first six dynasties were represented by a selection of eleven kings; while, on the other hand, some thirty kings were introduced who intervened between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties. In the tablet of Sakkarah found by M. Mariette, the first six dynasties comprise thirty-seven kings, the kings, between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties are omitted, and, singularly enough, the former of these dynasties is arranged in inverse order. The new tablet of Seti contains thirty-nine kings of the first six dynasties, while

Manetho's lists give forty-nine, and the Turin papyrus had probably a still greater number. None of the tablets contain any of the names of the Shepherd Kings, although remains of their names are found in the Turin papyrus. These pictorial lists, therefore, must not be looked upon as exact historic records, any more than the statues and pictures in the galleries of the Palace of Westminster are so. They give a representation of history more or less coloured by political feeling, as in the omission of the inglorious period between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties, and of the names of the heretic kings who reigned at the close of the eighteenth dynasty, whose names and history, however, we learn from monuments which they themselves left. In like manner, Cromwell is omitted from the orthodox list of English sovereigns.

Lepsius long ago unravelled the difficulties of these royal lists, and reduced the whole into an intelligible order, which admits but of slight rectification. The new tablet, however, is of immense value as giving a consecutive picture of the earlier dynasties, and fixing a number of points that were before doubtful. We have the eight kings of the first dynasty given complete. The Sakkara tablet contained merely two kings of this dynasty, chosen, it would seem, quite at random. Of the second dynasty we have only five kings, whereas Manetho gives nine. Among these early kings we have one named Senta, the tombstone of whose grandson, Spera, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and must be considered as by far the oldest monument in the world, being many generations earlier than the era of the builders of the great pyramid.

It is curious that between the names of King Chufu and King Shafra, the builders of the two principal pyramids—the Cheops and Cephren of the Greek historians, the one of whom is reported to have immediately succeeded the other—we find another name interpolated, and the same is the case also in the Sakkara tablet. This seems to be the case of a co-regent, whose name has escaped the notice of historians. It may however be a simple mistake of some compiler of history whose work was in vogue in the time of the Ramessides, from which these lists may have been taken. There are several other discrepancies in these two lists, which look like possible mistakes, arising from the transcription by a careless hand of a hieratic text into the hieroglyphical form. Of course our tablet tells us nothing about the chronology of the kings whose names are mentioned. It does not affect to give the number of years that they reigned, neither does it make any division of dynasties, nor even give any hint whether the dynasties were all consecutive, and whether some whole lines of kings may not have been contemporaneous. These questions are, therefore, still left to be debated among Egyptologists. They can only be decisively solved by the testimony of cotemporary monuments. By such testimony the fact of a space intervening between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties has long been put out of doubt, although Mr. Samuel Sharpe, and possibly some other writers, still contest it. With regard to the earlier dynasties, there can be little doubt that the greater part of these kings must be considered as following in consecutive order, and their number ought in reality to be considerably increased. It may be remarked that the eleventh dynasty is represented by two kings only, whereas we have contemporary monuments of nine. Manetho gives the number of the kings of this dynasty as sixteen, while the duration of the dynasty is but forty-three years. There seems a trace of a chronological intention in this. The eleventh was a Theban dynasty, and did not become predominant in Egypt until towards its close. It seems, then, as though Manetho's forty-three years were meant as the duration of the reigns of the last two kings only, the Theban line then entering for the first time into the chronological series, which had previously been measured by the Memphite dynasties.

The seventeen kings who precede the two Thebans in our tablet are probably a selection from Manetho's seventh and eighth Memphite dynasties, while possibly the ninth and tenth dynasties—which are called Heracleopolites, and the first of whose kings is said to have been a tyrant, and to have wrought much harm to the land of Egypt—are left out altogether as usurpers. This is by far the darkest part of Egyptian history; but, seeing the numerous discoveries which have been made within the last four or five years, when it had begun to be thought that the soil of Egypt was exhausted, and that little hope remained of anything of value being found, we cannot give up the expectation that some lucky explorer may yet hit upon the burying-place of these Heracleopolites, and of some others of the less known dynasties. In the meantime, we can see no reasonable doubt that the tablet of Seti did intend to give a consecutive view of Egyptian history, putting out of the question omissions for the sake of economizing space; and thus we find that from Menes to the commencement of the twelfth dynasty there are at least fifty-eight kings. If we give them, on the average, not less than twenty years apiece, which in a peaceful country is rather under the mark, 1,160 years must have elapsed from the historical commencement of the Egyptian kingdom to the beginning of the splendid Theban dynasty, the twelfth. According to a statement of Diodorus, the same space is filled by fifty-two kings, who reigned for 1,400 years. From other accounts of the same writer it is evident that the Egyptians considered their history to go back between four and five thousand years from the time when he wrote, while he places the building of the pyramids 3,400 years before his time. According to this, the Egyptians must have reckoned much more than 1,400 for the duration of the first eleven dynasties; and there can be little doubt, not only that the kings represented on the tablet just found were considered by the historiographers of the

period as in relative chronological sequence, but also that these antiquaries knew that the line did not measure the full length of Egyptian history.

Beyond affording the hieroglyphical names of a number of kings previously known only in the distorted forms given by Manetho, this tablet does not, after all, add much to our knowledge. Lepsius and Brugsch had, from the scattered materials previously at hand, traced out all the essential features of the history with which this tablet perfectly accords. Forty years of well directed investigation, from Champollion downwards, have anticipated its results. It is, notwithstanding, from its completeness of preservation, the noblest monument of Egyptian antiquity yet discovered. We hope that precautions may be taken for its preservation, but we are not sanguine as to this, seeing the destruction which has befallen other monuments when once disinterred from their protecting mounds of sand. It is a circumstance unusually fortunate that a traveller so well qualified as Herr Dümichen to appreciate and copy such a record was present at the time of discovery, and we are highly indebted both to him and to Dr. Lepsius for the promptitude with which the discovery has been made known. A drawing of the tablet has been published in the *Zeitschrift der Egyptischen Sprache*, of which Dr. Lepsius has now assumed the editorship. We wish M. Mariette would follow this example, and give the public the benefit of some of the researches of which, during the reign of the late Pasha, he had a monopoly, and of which only some fragments have been doled out from time to time. The Sakkara tablet was kept four years before it appeared in the *Revue Archéologique*. The most tantalizing accounts have been given of the discovery, by M. Mariette, of other valuable materials for history and the illustration of Egyptian antiquities, but which are still withheld from publication.

We have much to hope from the appointment of Dr. Brugsch to the position of Prussian Consul at Cairo. He will there enjoy every facility for turning to account any new discoveries that may be made, and we may be certain that the European public will have the immediate benefit of them. That much still remains to reward the labours of active and intelligent seekers is proved by the astonishing success of Herr Dümichen, some of whose gleanings have been already communicated through the *Zeitschrift*, and who is understood to have accumulated an immense hoard of inscriptions, unknown to or neglected by preceding travellers. It has lately been said that the soil of Egypt was at length beginning to show signs of exhaustion, that valuable discoveries were becoming fewer and fewer, and that we must no more hope for such treasures as were accumulated by the Drovettis, the Passalacqua, the Athanasia of forty years ago. Notwithstanding this, accounts reach us of a medical papyrus sixty feet in length lately found in some Theban necropolis, perfect from beginning to end, and said to contain, besides medical receipts, a calendar of an unusual form calculated to throw much light on the old Egyptian mode of reckoning. On the whole, we see no reason to despair of new discoveries quite as important and unexpected as that of the new Abydos tablet. At present, no account is given of the remaining contents of the temple, of which a large part has been uncovered, and which would seem to be in a state of high preservation. If the walls are, as usual, covered with inscriptions, the yield of this temple must be immense.

#### ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE antiquarian world owes a debt of gratitude to the present eminent Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge for a very clear and interesting account of the early history, we cannot say of the Society of which he is a member, but of the buildings of the earlier foundation which that Society displaced. It is curious to see how many of the Colleges in both our Universities occupied—if we like so to call it, usurped—the position of earlier and less famous foundations of other kinds. That this took place largely at the dissolution of monasteries is not wonderful. It was an obvious thing for a pious and liberal man who obtained possession of monastic lands—who perhaps obtained possession of them for that very purpose—to turn some portion of them to such pious uses as the new state of things allowed. The century after the dissolution of monasteries is as distinctly the age of the foundation of grammar-schools and hospitals as the century before it was the age of the foundation of colleges and chantries, and as an earlier period was the age of the foundation of the monasteries themselves. In the Universities especially it would have been strange if the monasteries and monastic colleges had not been often converted into foundations on which the new system looked with more favour. The monastic colleges in particular—those which were maintained by some monastic house or order for the reception of students of their religion—must have absolutely asked to be restored to the nearest possible use under the new system. So, in Oxford, Durham and St. Bernard's Colleges soon reappeared as Trinity and St. John's; Gloucester Hall, converted for a while into the Bishop's Palace, was restored to academic uses, and after a while grew into Worcester College; the House of the Austin Friars, famous in early University history, appeared again under the guise of the most picturesque of the later Colleges, Wadham. But it is more important to observe that the same system had begun already before the Dissolution. Henry the Eighth earned himself a cheap reputation for munificence by creating splendid foundations out of that which cost him



nothing. He won for himself the credit of a founder at Cambridge by turning several small Colleges into one large one; and he won for himself the like reputation at Oxford by suppressing his own College and his own Cathedral, and refounding them together in the guise of that anomalous Society in which each element does, and cannot help doing, its very best to spoil the other. But King Henry might plead that, in all this, he only followed the example of better men. Wolsey suppressed small monasteries by wholesale in order to found his Colleges, and Chichele had before founded All Souls' mainly out of the spoils of alien Priories. But it is more curious to notice that Magdalen College, Oxford, arose on the site of an Hospital, which was somewhat oddly merged in the College; that Bishop Alcock formed Jesus College, with its minster-like chapel, out of the decayed and half-ruined nunnery of St. Radegund; and that the College with which we are more immediately concerned, the noble foundation of Lady Margaret, also arose out of a decaying or decayed society, of whose buildings a greater portion remains than might at first sight be thought. All these changes took place before the Reformation, in the widest sense of that vaguest of words, had begun. When these worn-out foundations were suppressed, no change had been made in ritual or doctrine, and the Church of England was still in full communion with Rome. In fact, throughout the whole mediæval period the feeling of superstitious reverence for founders' wills had very little play. In truth, it hardly could coexist with the full-grown doctrine of Papal Supremacy. If ordinary means failed, there was a power at hand which could always sanction extraordinary means. If it was thought necessary to suppress or to transform any ecclesiastical foundation, there was a ruler whose dispensation could quiet all conscientious scruples as to the breach of earlier obligations. Even in quite modern times, the Court of Rome sanctioned changes fully as great under the elder Buonaparte as any that it now kicks against under the King of Italy. The present position of the French Church is justifiable only on the view that either the Pope or the civil power, or at any rate both together, may lawfully do anything.

It was well known that St. John's College stood on the site of an earlier Hospital, and a careful examination easily showed that portions of the Hospital buildings survived in the present chapel of the College. But the exact nature of the buildings, and of the changes which they had undergone, must have remained an inscrutable mystery but for the rebuilding of the chapel, which is now going on on a new site and on a far grander scale. This process involved the pulling down of some late and unsightly buildings which occupied part of the intended site, and their demolition has brought to light the original buildings of the Hospital, a most valuable example of a class of structures which are not generally understood. Unluckily, the requirements of the plan for rebuilding the chapel do not allow of their preservation; so it is the greater gain that they have been thoroughly examined by an observer like Professor Babington, and that an account of his observations has been put on record among the collections of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.

The Hospital was originally founded in the twelfth century, but the exact date seems not to be certain. It appears to have had at first no ecclesiastical character at all, but to have been simply a charitable foundation for the benefit of the sick. If we rightly understand its nature, it came, like Rahere's great foundation in London, nearer to the nature of a modern Hospital or Infirmary than most mediæval foundations. Most Hospitals, not being actual lazarettos, were designed, not as places of temporary relief for the sick, but as places of permanent refuge for the poor and old. Our St. John's Hospital, founded by Henry Frost, a Burgess of Cambridge, seems to have united both objects. Soon after its foundation, a more ecclesiastical character was given to the Hospital by the introduction of a Prior or Master and Brethren of the order of St. Austin. In 1280 Bishop Hugh of Balsham attempted a curious union of objects by introducing a body of scholars into the Hospital, the first attempt, it would seem, to connect the foundation with the University. As might have been expected, the secular and monastic elements did not harmonize, and the Bishop wisely removed his scholars to form the oldest distinctly academical College in Cambridge—that venerable foundation of Peterhouse, the antique savour of whose name is utterly lost in its polite modern description of Saint Peter's College.

It is clear from this instance that there was a wish from an early time to connect St. John's Hospital with the University, of which its ecclesiastical inhabitants would doubtless commonly be members. The failure of Hugh of Balsham's experiment does not show any indisposition on the part of the Brethren to fraternize with the University, but only proves that monastic and secular students did not get on well together in the same house. In the fifteenth century the society was "admitted to the privileges of the University," which must have given it something of the status of an academic College. Yet we are told that it had greatly decayed, and nearly come to nothing, before its final change into the present St. John's College early in the next century. We should like to know a little more about the circumstances of this change. We do not say a word against the substitution of the Fellows and Scholars of St. John's for the Austin Prior and Brethren; but how fared it with the purely charitable part of Henry Frost's foundation? One would like to be sure that the march of intellect to which the creation of the present noble College is due did not utterly lose sight of the benevolent intentions of the good old

Cambridge burgher towards the "poor, infirm, and sick persons" of his own town.

The history of the foundation is very clearly written in the architectural remains which the present changes have brought to light. The original Hospital was built according to a pattern common in such foundations, consisting of a hall opening into a chapel at the east end. The sick and infirm inmates could thus assist at divine service without going out of doors or, if need be, even without leaving their beds. This arrangement was common in chapels in private houses, the hall or some other room opening into the chapel, which was often no larger than was necessary for the priest to say mass. This same arrangement is that followed in the Infirmarys of the great monasteries; only there it is carried out on a far more magnificent scale, the hall being often divided by piers and arches, which has often led to its being mistaken for a church. Of course, in a great monastery, this Infirmary, hall and chapel, is simply one part, and a subordinate part, of a vast establishment; in a mere Hospital, like this at Cambridge, it is everything. A good many examples still remain in various parts of England; St. Mary's at Chichester is probably the best of the class.

The introduction of a distinctly ecclesiastical element into the foundation of St. John's Hospital naturally led to architectural changes. The Austin Prior and Brethren were not satisfied with the little oratory at the end of the hall of the sick folk, but built them a much larger church somewhat to the south of it, following pretty nearly the usual type of Friars' churches. The Infirmary and its chapel, originally the whole building, seems to have been preserved to its old use, only sinking into the subordinate position of a monastic infirmary. When the whole was turned into a secular College, this later and larger church was at once available as the College Chapel. Its nave, however, was longer than was needed for the antechapel of a College; so the church was without scruple cut short at the west end, just as happened to St. Radegund's minster when it became the chapel of Jesus College, and to St. Frideswide's at Oxford when it fell into the hands of Wolsey. But the academic society had no need for the infirmary and its chapel, and they were freely turned to secular uses. They became first a stable and then some very wretched sets of rooms, being cased with brick so that no one could guess that a gem of Early Gothic architecture lurked within. At last, in our own day, the College found it necessary to build a larger and more splendid chapel. A new site was chosen, and the old chapel and the intervening buildings, once the Infirmary, had to be destroyed. Then came to light the remains which Professor Babington minutely described, and of which he so ingeniously divined the history. The range of lancets must unluckily perish, but the finest fragment, the piscina, is removed to the new chapel. This is, in its general effect, closely alike to the well-known one in Jesus College Chapel, but there is a good deal of difference in the minute details of the two.

This discovery of the old St. John's Infirmary is a good instance of the way in which ancient remains are constantly brought to light during processes of destruction and restoration. Either of these processes is sure to reveal something which nobody dreamed of before. It is while such processes are going on that architects and antiquaries should specially have their eyes about them. Things become visible which have not been visible for ages, and which the operations that are going on will often hide or even destroy for ever. In other cases, where such permanent destruction or concealment is not involved, equal care is needed, because of the fondness of workmen for destroying little bits of evidence under their favourite notion of "making a good job of it." At St. David's, Melbourne, Leominster, everywhere, little pieces of history come to light in this way, and the building is unusually lucky in which they are not at once made away with. St. John's College is lucky at once in the extent and importance of the discovery thus unexpectedly made, and in having on the spot an observer able to understand and describe them in a scientific manner.

The new chapel of St. John's will be a splendid building, and it will form a prominent object in the general view of Cambridge, where a few more prominent objects are so much wanted. But we fear that, unlike Mr. Scott's other great work at Oxford, it is not to have a vault. Now a vault is a finish which a church on such a scale imperatively demands, and the more so because it is apsidal; it is impossible to finish an apse satisfactorily with a wooden roof. A question also has arisen as to the position of the tower, which we are afraid has been decided the wrong way. As the tower is due to the munificence of a single member of the College, the Society cannot well look a gift horse in the mouth, but an independent critic may speak nevertheless. The tower, as we understand, is to be at the west end, supported by a sort of transept, like Merton College Chapel or Bristol Cathedral in their present state. But both Merton and Bristol are imperfect; they are mere fragments; Merton was never finished, and Bristol has been mutilated. If the tower of St. John's is put in the same position, it will positively cry for a nave to the west of it. The truth is, that people often confound the antechapel of Merton, which is really the transept of an unfinished cross church, with the antechapels of New College, Magdalen, and All Souls, which are true naves, though very short. A college chapel makes its choir much longer and its nave much shorter than that of a parish church, but they are essentially nave and choir all the same. The examples of New College and Magdalen surely establish the detached campanile as the true form for the collegiate tower. The proposed tower of

St. John's, though it will doubtless be a noble object in the general view, will be, as regards the buildings of the College itself, a mere confusion of ideas.

#### JAPAN.

OUR last little war seems to have been executed with neatness and despatch. We have succeeded in delivering a lesson on civilization to the subjects of the Prince of Choshu, with sufficient emphasis, and without undue expense of life or money. It is, of course, a pity that we should have to give such lessons at all. It is a misfortune that Christianity should be associated in the minds of any heathen race with Armstrong guns. It is to be regretted that the bodies of a number of harmless Asiatics should be selected, even though the selection is due to the obstinacy of their own rulers, as a test of the destructive energy of rifled cannon. And, moreover, the combustion of so much good powder so far beyond their own range of hearing is a disagreeable reflection for English tax-payers. All these truths are indisputable. But the corollaries drawn from them are not always so fair. It does not follow of necessity that, whenever we interfere forcibly in Oriental quarrels, our interference is wrong. When a big boy boxes a little boy's ears, there is, of course, a natural tendency to cry "Shame"; and the simple syllogism which convinced nine-tenths of the English people that the Germans were wrong in the origin of the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel assumed for its major premiss that the stronger man in a fight has always the worst cause. When the weaker is a helpless foreigner, the presumption is supposed to be indefinitely strengthened. We do not deny the *prima facie* justice of some such presumption. No one who has seen the true Briton in foreign parts will doubt the propriety of watching his actions with jealousy. We all know his happy knack of treading upon the toes of his weaker neighbours, and asking them what they mean by it; we know how loudly he can afterwards call upon his country to box their ears, if they don't give a satisfactory reply to this reasonable appeal. A strict curb upon these amiable propensities is doubtless necessary to prevent our being drawn into the scrapes of all our dear fellow-countrymen all over the globe—especially in those not inconsiderable regions whose inhabitants are somewhat superficially classified under the heads of "natives" and "niggers." It is an honourable feeling, therefore, which prompts a certain suspicion of the purity of our cause of quarrel with the nations that are gradually coming into contact with us in the East. Unhappily, however, as is the case with many other honourable feelings, its fortunate proprietors are apt to be so much pleased with it as to work it rather too hard. They affect to look upon the process by which Japan and China are gradually opening to Europeans as one of unmixt injustice and cruelty. Our commercial rapacity is upsetting an old-established and venerable polity. We have corrupted the Chinese with our opium, we have broken the strength of their Empire with our armies, and now we are beginning a similar process with Japan. Nothing, of course, can raise a more agreeable glow of self-complacency than a conviction that your countrymen are all committing crimes, whilst you are in the position of an unappreciated prophet, uttering disregarded warnings. And there are always people enough ready to put on sackcloth and ashes for the sins of their nation; the costume is an agreeable and becoming one, and carries with it a certain halo of sanctity. Less ambitious moralists will think that, although attended with frequent hardships to the races interested, the process by which Europeans and Japanese are gradually approximating is, on the whole, beneficial to both. To regulate it so as to avoid all causes of offence is doubtless impracticable; for the intercourse of a civilized with a half-civilized nation is in some respects more difficult to place on a satisfactory footing than that with a perfectly savage community. We cannot expect that English officials or merchants will show a delicate appreciation of the curious national characteristics of so peculiar a society. We shall import gross stupidity, bullying, and unfairness, as certainly as manufactures. We may look, therefore, for disputes in which we shall be altogether in the wrong, and which we shall carry through with a high hand, to the great disgust of delicate politicians. But, on the whole, we believe that the Japanese will be the better for knowing us, as certainly as we believe that, on the whole, our civilization is superior to theirs, and that the Mikado and the Tycoon are decidedly behind the age in which they live.

It is, therefore, a real subject of congratulation when (if we must have quarrels) we get into a quarrel in which we are clearly in the right, and come out of it in a creditable and workmanlike way. The material results of the dispute might, indeed, be the same whether we were legally justified or not. The straits of Simonosaki were not likely to continue shut, when it was clearly the interest of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Dutch, and Americans—not to speak of the Japanese themselves—that they should be open. Where the attractive forces are so powerful, the artificial barriers raised by conservative Japanese noblemen can hardly last long. Feudal princes are not apt to be specially intelligent anywhere, and feudal princes in Japan are not likely to take a more enlightened view of their position than corresponding dignitaries nearer home. The stupidest forms of protection and non-intercourse will doubtless continue to thrive amongst the Daimios, even at that remote period when their traces shall have entirely vanished in Europe. We should hardly be justified, however palpable our own interest and the interest of the Japanese themselves, in forcibly thrusting aside the authority of

their national leaders; but when an opportunity occurs for breaking through absurd and mischievous restrictions, with the legal right on our side, we certainly may congratulate ourselves on its being promptly seized. In such a case, according to Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, "civilization does get forrid sometimes upon a powder-cart," and by the help of Enfield rifles. In the present instance, we seem to have been fully justified in our action. The straits were closed by the Prince of Choshu in defiance of a treaty. We are bound to make our treaties respected, and on this occasion we appear to have succeeded in doing so without any unpleasant accompaniments. The burning of Kagosima might perhaps admit of a justification. It was strictly true that the burning was merely incidental to other warlike operations; and some authorities went the length of arguing that people who lived in houses of paper and bamboo might not unfairly be presumed to like fires rather than otherwise. Still, the impression left was certainly disagreeable. It had a resemblance, which might be superficial, but was not the less obvious, to acts which we are in the habit of condemning with abundance of virtuous indignation when anybody else presumes to do them. It is, therefore, satisfactory that our practice appears to have been exclusively directed on this occasion against batteries armed with heavy guns, and stockaded forts defended by rifle-bullets and arrows. In fact, our opponents were only too respectable. They appear to have resisted with sufficient vigour to show their capacity for being taught something besides humility. Probably, in future wars—if future wars there are to be—their imitative ingenuity may cause us some trouble. The loss was not, however, out of proportion to the importance of the results obtained. The Prince has spoken, as Admiral Kuper remarks, in a very satisfactory and humble tone. He has promised everything we wished. The straits are to be kept open. Vessels are to be allowed to purchase provisions. Sufficient indemnities are to be paid. No more batteries are to be raised. Moreover, it seems that the Prince is acting with the sincerity to be expected from a man who has just had a decisive lesson administered to him on the disadvantages of an opposite course.

The action itself was successful enough to indicate skilful management. English, French, and Dutch forces seem to have done whatever was required of them. Even the one Parrott gun, which was all that could be spared by the United States under existing circumstances, is reported to have done good service. Such actions are, of course, fought under the disadvantage that there is a great deal more to be lost by defeat than to be gained by victory. Failure makes the unfortunate officer ridiculous; while success is merely what we expect. In the present case there is nothing to be said except that things have gone smoothly, and as they ought to have gone. We hope that Admiral Kuper will on this occasion obtain the credit he deserves, and that it may be some set-off against the opprobrium produced by the bombardment of Kagosima, of which he was credited with a rather unfair proportion.

Of the ulterior object of the eccentricities of the Prince of Choshu it is impossible to speak with any confidence. He seems to have alleged to Admiral Kuper that he had acted under the authority of the Mikado and the Tycoon. The relations of those potentates to each other and to the nobles of the country are so ill-understood, and apparently so ill-defined, that it is not easy to say what weight is to be attributed to this assertion. It is reported, on the other hand, that the Prince is engaged in open war with his spiritual superior, and that his forces have actually stormed one of the Mikado's towns. It does not seem to be clear whether this involves a war against the Tycoon also, or whether one head of this strange double government is encouraging a revolt against the other. The veil which hangs over all the affairs of that most mysterious of countries still remains to be lifted. We cannot say at present what analogy most fitly represents the nature of the government—whether the Tycoon is a Mayor of the Palace to the Mikado, or whether the Mikado is to the Tycoon as a Pope to an Emperor. The constitutional rights which both, or either, possess over the nobles of the country are equally uncertain. Their policy towards "the ugly barbarians" cannot therefore be unravelled. The one thing that is plain is the existence of an anarchical state of things which is strikingly illustrated by the accounts of these last difficulties. We do not know with any precision who it is that we have made treaties with, or against whom we are carrying on war, or whether these dim personages are at war or at peace with each other. The perplexity will doubtless be materially cleared up by such expeditions as that to Simonosaki. We shall discover by degrees what manner of men they are that we are treating so liberally to Armstrong shells. They will certainly learn something more about us; and we may hope that they will find that we are capable of acting with moderation as well as with firmness. The commercial acuteness and ingenuity generally attributed to the Japanese will probably teach their more intelligent classes the advantages of intercourse with us. What power they possess as against the privileges of the nobles, and to what internal revolutions the country may be hastening, we have yet to discover. It seems plain that the present state of anarchy and private war would make a change of some kind undoubtedly beneficial, and we can only hope that the interference which has been forced upon us may give an impulse in the right direction.



## DR. SMETHURST REDIVIVUS.

AN incidental reference to Dr. Smethurst by the *Times*, in connexion with the memorial in favour of Müller presented by the German Legal Protection Society—who went out of their way to pronounce what neither they nor anybody else could have any possible means of knowing, namely, “that no one has ever since his respite doubted that Dr. Smethurst was wrongfully convicted of the crime for which he was adjudged to death”—has brought Dr. Smethurst out in two letters characterized by great want of taste and judgment. His second letter is decidedly libellous, for he charges several very distinguished medical men with perjury, and one of the highest judges of the land with perversion of his office. “Had the medical witnesses for the prosecution spoken the truth, and had Chief Baron Pollock been impartial, such a verdict would not have happened.” And he goes on to fling, in a very random way, the charges of “villainous” conduct against Dr. Taylor, Dr. Julius, and Baron Pollock, consoling himself with the reflection that “Mr. Gent, barrister-at-law,” considers his whole trial a sham, a mockery, and a delusion. It might be enough to leave this poor man, who has since expiated the crime of bigamy by a twelvemonth’s imprisonment, to his own reflections and Mr. Gent’s sympathies. But we must remind him of one or two little particulars which he finds it convenient to suppress. We do not pretend to say what is, or what is not, the moral effect of a Royal pardon. That differs according to circumstances. Its legal and practical value is, that it relieves a convicted person from the penalty which has, by clear process of law, been adjudged to a proved offence. But though undoubtedly a Royal pardon blots out a person’s offence, makes him a free man, and debars anybody from stigmatizing him as the criminal which the verdict of a jury adjudged him to be, still a Royal pardon does not affirm that every witness on whose evidence the pardoned man was condemned was guilty of perjury, nor does it convict the judge who presided at the trial of gross abuse of his judicial functions. Still less does a Royal pardon forbid any historical critic from reviewing the evidence given on the trial. And least of all does a Royal pardon claim to silence a candid judgment, and the expression of public opinion, on its own merits, or on the grounds on which it was granted.

The pardon was granted on the advice of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, and we are at once ready to confess that any act taken by that very distinguished statesman stands on very different grounds from one of Sir George Grey’s caprices. The case—one of suspected poisoning—was, from its nature, one on which the most opposite evidence may be given. It is almost impossible to find a toxicologist who is not a partisan. All Dr. Smethurst’s witnesses belonged to a particular medical school, and some of them had been employed in Palmer’s defence. The evidence went to show that arsenic had passed from Miss Bankes’ body, and that antimony had been found in the intestines after death. To rebut these facts, for they were facts, Dr. Smethurst suggested that the medicines administered to Miss Bankes contained arsenic and antimony. That antimony was present it was not denied; but as to the arsenic, it was alleged that, as Dr. Taylor—on analysing, not the patient’s excreta, but a chemical mixture in Dr. Smethurst’s possession—had extracted from it arsenic which he had himself introduced by a certain test, his general skill could not be relied upon. Whatever may be the value of this proof and disproof, and rating it at its highest in Dr. Smethurst’s favour, it amounts to this—that perhaps there was no arsenic really found, but that, as to the antimony, if not given by some poisoner, it could only have been administered by mistake, or in the shape of adulterated drugs, for it had never been formally and consciously prescribed.

But, further, it was urged that the symptoms attending Miss Bankes’ death were such as characterized acute dysentery. And here unquestionably there was a direct conflict of evidence. Dr. Todd attributed the death to poisoning, but considered that acute dysentery would account for the symptoms. But then he had never seen a case of acute dysentery. Five or six physicians positively pronounced that no disease known to them would account for the symptoms; and one of them, Dr. Bowerbank, who in the West Indies was familiar with this disease, distinctly pronounced the symptoms to be irreconcilable with any form of dysentery.

The result of the chemical evidence is that antimony, which had never been prescribed, was certainly administered to Miss Bankes, and that arsenic was perhaps administered to her; and of the medical evidence the result is that, in the opinion of those witnesses who had had the largest experience of dysentery, Miss Bankes died, not of dysentery, but of slow poisoning. All this evidence was referred by Sir George Lewis to Drs. Baly and Jenner, who, on the whole, thought it not conclusive of guilt; though the value of their report was much diminished by the fact, pointed out by the Chief Baron, that they attributed considerable weight to what they assumed to be the fact, that vomiting only began five days after the commencement of Miss Bankes’ illness. This fact, however, was no fact at all, as Dr. Julius detected vomiting at his very first visit. Upon receiving this report of the doctors Baly and Jenner, Chief Baron Pollock recommended Sir George Lewis to refer the whole matter to the “judgment of medical and scientific persons selected by himself.” This course Sir George Lewis did not follow; but, instead of medical and scientific persons, he referred the matter to the opinion of one scientific and medical person, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, after stating that to his mind six reasons presented them-

selves for believing Dr. Smethurst guilty of murder, and eight reasons for doubting his guilt, came to the conclusion—not that Dr. Smethurst was innocent, but—that “there is not absolute and complete evidence of his guilt.” These reasons were founded, not solely upon scientific, or chemical, or medical grounds, but upon matters as to which, with all respect to Sir Benjamin Brodie, his opinion was not asked—upon moral and legal inferences. In conclusion, because Sir George Lewis concluded that there was sufficient ground for doubt of Dr. Smethurst’s guilt, he advised the grant of a free pardon. All this, we must say, falls very far short of the conclusion arrived at by the German Protection Society. Upon the opinion of a single eminent person, that the probabilities were as four to three against the absolute and complete proof of Dr. Smethurst’s guilt, he was pardoned. Whether Dr. Smethurst is guilty or not, he best knows; but all that the grant of a pardon shows, and all that the explanation given by Sir George Lewis in Parliament of his reasons for granting the pardon shows, is that in one single but eminent expert’s opinion Dr. Smethurst’s guilt was not proved in what that eminent person thought proper to consider an absolute and complete sense.

Whether Sir Benjamin Brodie knew anything whatever of criminal practice, or of the laws and conditions of judicial evidence—whether his attention had ever been called to the nature of testimony and proof in the ordinary course of human life, we are not informed. But it is certain that the evidence, the additional evidence, such as it was, was never subjected to the test of cross-examination. Deficiencies in it, and inconsistencies with other evidence which it was not attempted to attack, were pointed out by the Chief Baron. And not only were Drs. Baly and Jenner and Mr. Herapath not brought into a court of justice, but the value of Sir Benjamin Brodie’s own judgment, on matters which certainly did not lie within the obvious range of his studies or professional pursuits, was not tested. In one respect the German Society was right. The mass of little facts brought against the verdict in Müller’s case was, on the whole, more formidable and better worth relying on than those urged in Dr. Smethurst’s favour, and urged successfully. Acting upon the Smethurst precedent, the Germans were quite right in insisting upon it. But public opinion had expressed itself so strongly against the way in which Dr. Smethurst’s case had been finally decided, that Sir George Grey felt himself very properly relieved from following it. And if Dr. Smethurst had been well advised, he would have let the flea stick to the wall, as the Scotch say. Dr. Smethurst had, comparatively speaking, a weak ground of appeal to the Secretary of State; Müller’s friends had a much stronger. But in Müller’s case we know that—whatever plausible evidence might have been brought before the Home Secretary in his back office—he was, as a matter of fact, guilty. The inference as to the value of the investigation—so to dignify the clumsy and imperfect proceeding conducted under Sir George Lewis’s auspices—we leave it to Dr. Smethurst to draw. It is past question that there were, a fortnight ago, tens of thousands of Sir Benjamin Brodie who could not absolutely and completely convince themselves of Müller’s guilt. Yet he was guilty all the time, and now everybody knows it. The conclusion therefore is, not that there is nobody who can entertain the opinion that Dr. Smethurst was guilty, but rather that any amount of evidence collected after a trial, and which might have been produced at the trial, and which is not sifted in open court, is to be distrusted as compared with the verdict arrived at by a jury. And if this conclusion is an unpleasant one to Dr. Smethurst, he has only himself to thank for extorting it.

## WHAT IS A TRAVELLER?

THE obscurity of Acts of Parliament is caused sometimes by carelessness or want of skill in the use of language, and at other times by an indistinct conception of the purpose to be accomplished by legislation. Those who do not know what they mean are not likely to be clear in what they say; and it often appears as if Parliament, in despair of agreeing within itself upon some question which excites strong party or sectarian feeling, had referred the decision to the Courts of Law, which thus exercise what is virtually a legislative, although in name an expository, power. An instance has occurred lately where judges have discharged this legislative function calmly and satisfactorily in a case where Parliament would probably have been stunned by clamour, and distracted by those fiercest of all demities which arise out of differences in religious belief and practice.

It is now some years that Parliament and the Courts of Law have been engaged in endeavouring to enunciate some principle which might guide keepers of inns and beer-houses in opening, or refusing to open, their houses during the usual hours of Divine service. The position of the innkeeper, between conflicting duties, is rather perilous; for if he opens his house when he ought not, he incurs a penalty under a recent statute; and if he refuses to open when he ought, he is liable to an indictment according to the old Common-law. A case occurred about thirty years ago which enforced the innkeeper’s duty of hospitality with rather surprising strictness. An attorney’s clerk arrived on horseback in the town of Ludlow about midnight on Sunday, and, finding an inn where light shone from a single window, he knocked, and claimed admittance. After some parley he was bidden to depart, and he had to find accommodation for the night elsewhere. The innkeeper was indicted for this breach of duty, and, as the judge of

assize held the indictment good, he was convicted and fined. Some attempt was made to excuse the defendant's refusal to open his house at that particular time, on the ground that travelling on Sunday was illegal; but Mr. Justice Coleridge, who tried the case, answered that it was not, and that this was shown by the fact that in many places you pay additional toll at the turnpikes on Sunday, "by which the Legislature plainly contemplates travelling on Sunday as a thing which is not illegal." It may have occurred to some readers to draw the same inference from the double toll over Putney Bridge. This point of the illegality of Sunday travelling also arose in an earlier case, where the plaintiff had booked his place to London on Sunday evening by the Clapton stage, and, as he was the only passenger, the defendant declined to start the coach for him. The plaintiff, as was usual in such cases, took a post-chaise, and brought his action to recover the difference between the hire of it and the coach-fare. It was contended that it was illegal to book a place to travel on Sunday, and reliance was placed upon the statute of Charles II., which we hear of nearly every autumn in connexion with harvest labour. But this statute does not prohibit travelling on Sunday, although it so far discourages it as to provide that, if the Sunday traveller be robbed, he shall not be entitled to compensation for his loss from the hundred. In a case before the Court of Common Pleas, the result of all the legislation upon this subject was stated by one of the present judges thus:—

Not only is it not illegal to travel on a Sunday, but, on the contrary, the Sunday traveller seems to have been an especial favourite with the Legislature. He is to be refreshed.

Perhaps this was going rather too far, since it is undeniable that Puritanical influence in Parliament can do a good deal to impede and annoy Sunday travellers, although it cannot set them in the stocks "by the space of two hours," as was ordained for offenders against the statute of Charles II. But if the Sunday traveller is treated with any harshness by Parliament, he has only to step across Westminster Hall into the Court of Common Pleas, where he may have his case considered by a tribunal free from Sabbatarian prejudice, and tolerant of the weaknesses of humanity. It was contended, in the case from which the above extract is taken, that a "traveller," to justify a publican in admitting him during the hours of Divine service, must be one who "in passing from one place to another is overcome by the want of refreshment." But this barbarous interpretation of the statute was not adopted by the Court. If a man is travelling on business, he does not usually delay taking refreshment until he is "overcome" by the want of it, and a man who is travelling for pleasure is not bound to incur pain by abstaining from food and drink until the door of the public-house is open. Suppose that a party of Londoners started on a Sunday morning to walk to Richmond. If, when they got as far as Kew, they felt the want of beer, they would be entitled to demand admittance into a public-house to be supplied with it; but if they agreed, before starting, to go by way of Kew because the beer at a certain public-house was particularly good, they would not be so entitled. This appears to be the fair result of the decisions upon the question what is a "traveller" within the existing statute. A previous statute contained the words "*bonâ fide* traveller"; but this attempt to define what sort of traveller should be refreshed answered no purpose except to bring ridicule on the framers of the Act. A judge remarked to counsel, in the course of the argument on one of these cases, "You surely do not mean to say that there is any difference between a traveller and a *bonâ fide* traveller?" The Court of Common Pleas is inclined to be indulgent, not only in allowing travellers to take refreshment before they are overcome for want of it, but also in permitting them to choose such refreshment as they may deem most agreeable. Thus, when it was urged that, though drinking might be necessary refreshment, smoking could not, the Court gave no attention to this argument.

In a case which came before the Court last week, it appeared that a policeman went to a public-house about two miles from Birmingham at half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, and found inside it a number of persons who were taking bread and cheese and beer, or beer only. On the hearing of the information before magistrates, two of the persons found in the house were called as witnesses, and they stated that they were artisans who had left Birmingham that morning for a walk, and had taken a walk of seven miles by the lanes and fields, and were returning home to Birmingham, and, being fatigued, and having yet two miles to walk, they demanded admission into the public-house. Being asked if they were travellers, they answered that they were, and thereupon they were admitted. The magistrates considered, upon these facts, that the artisans were not travellers; for they had stopped so near to their homes that they had ceased to be travellers, and their journey had come to an end, and stopping at a distance of two miles was the same thing as stopping in their own street close to their own doors. The magistrates therefore convicted the keeper of the public-house, and he appealed from their decision. It was contended, in support of the conviction, that persons who merely went out for a walk and turned into the nearest public-house were not travellers. On the other hand, it was contended, against the conviction, that it made no difference whether the journey was originally undertaken for business or for pleasure. The men were artisans who, having toiled in close workshops all the week, sought a breath of country air on Sunday. "Being fatigued, and having two miles further to go, rest and refreshment made all the difference whether the walk did them good or harm."

This argument appears to have been adopted by the Court, which held the conviction to be wrong. "There are," said the Court, "a great number of persons, such as artisans, to whom Sunday is the sole opportunity of taking exercise, and such persons, walking out for that purpose, under the circumstances stated, have certainly a right to obtain refreshment." The effect of this case is that, if you have walked seven miles, and have two miles more to walk, you may reasonably consider that you cannot with due regard to health go further without beer, and if you require a publican to admit you to his house during the hours of Divine service, he ought to do so. If he ought to admit you and does not, you might prefer against him an indictment stating "that he, not regarding his duty as an innkeeper, would not suffer the prosecutor to enter and stay and to obtain necessary refreshment in his said inn, but so to do, then and there, without any sufficient reason, wholly neglected and refused, to the great damage of the prosecutor, to the evil example of all persons in the like case offending, and against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity." It may sound odd to charge a publican with setting evil example by not opening his house to a traveller on Sunday morning and drawing beer for him; but this is the language of the Common-law, and between it and the statute the publican is, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea.

There was a previous case, in which the travellers came in a carriage. They had travelled eight or ten miles, and had five and a half miles more to go before they would reach home. In another and more recent case, which, like that of last week came from Birmingham, the travellers had walked four miles, and had the same distance to walk back. In that case, it appeared that five men were drinking and smoking in the defendant's house on a Sunday afternoon. Two of them were the driver and conductor of an omnibus which ran from Birmingham to the defendant's house and back. The other three men had walked out, and two of them walked back, while the third returned by the omnibus. The magistrates considered that the driver and conductor of the omnibus might lawfully be received within the house, but that the three men who had walked out for amusement or exercise were not "travellers"; for "it was not the intention of the Legislature to throw open public-houses on Sunday to persons living within a few miles, and who might choose to walk or ride there for pleasure." As the Court reversed the decision of the magistrates, it may be taken to have affirmed exactly the opposite of the proposition here enunciated. The case which came before the Court last week is the third which has arisen upon nearly the same point; so it may be hoped that the question may now be considered as finally determined. It was a question of considerable importance, for we know that, once upon a time—

Three Londoners would a travelling go,  
Whether they knew the way or no;

and the habit of such expeditions is not yet extinct. It may now be taken to be settled law that all those who go abroad on Sundays, either for enjoyment or business, except those who go abroad for the mere purpose of getting drink, are entitled to be supplied with refreshment, and the publican who supplies them is exempt from the penalties of the statute. The object of that statute certainly was to prevent the attractions of the public-house alluring clerks and artisans from places of worship, but not to prevent the attractions of the country alluring hard-working men out of town on Sundays.

#### SANITARY STATE OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

I.

WE have before us two official documents of the gravest interest with reference to the conditions on which we hold our Asiatic Empire. In the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanitary State of the Army in India," and in "Suggestions in regard to Sanitary Works required for improving Indian Stations, prepared by the Barrack and Hospital Improvements Commission," we have an authentic account of the terrible, yet in great measure avoidable, cost to health and life at which our vast Eastern dependency is at present garrisoned. We propose to lay before our readers a summary of facts which urgently claim the attention of the authorities, both at home and in India, and to indicate the measures which investigation has suggested as best calculated to remedy a fearful evil.

To few persons, perhaps, except the alarmists whose apprehensions as to the stability of our Indian dominion have outlived the six years of apparent calm and prosperity by which the fearful events of 1857 have been succeeded, will these important State Papers present any special or practical attractions. Amateurs in sanitary science have quite enough at home to occupy their attention without travelling to Hindostan. To say nothing of the great works now in progress for the purification of London, or of the various provincial and local organizations for the same object which recent legislation has set in motion, there is quite enough theory afloat on the various systems of hygiene which compete for public favour in England, to absorb whatever practical zeal or energy may be available for a task which to the vast majority of the community is not only uninteresting but repulsive. The statistics of military mortality, dissertations on the comparative ravages of zymotic, hepatic, and tubercular diseases, or on the orthodox principles of construction applicable



to tanks, drains, latrines, and cesspools, belong to a class of literature rather too professional to attain a drawing-room popularity, or to command a very numerous class of readers beyond the school of amateur scavengers and social sciolists. The Illustrated Notes of Miss Nightingale on the Stational Reports, together with the interesting evidence of some of the distinguished witnesses who were examined, have indeed been the pinions on which the two ponderous folios of the Commissioners have been wafted above the murky atmosphere in which nearly all other Parliamentary documents of a kindred nature permanently repose.

It is not, however, to any special interest in sanitary reform and its uninviting details that the measure of attention which these documents have evoked is mainly to be ascribed. It is due to a conviction which, since this inquiry was first instituted five years ago, has been gradually gaining ground in the public mind, of the imminent political perils involved in any longer neglect of foes far more insidious and more formidable to our troops than ever were Afghans or Maharrats—foes whom we can only keep at bay by a recourse to the simple but proved weapons which, though long unused, have been stored for us in the arsenals of sanitary science. It is not too much to say that on the prompt and practical application of the elements of sanitary science to our Indian military administration depends the tenure of British power in that vast peninsula. A cluster of islands, comprising not more than 130,000 square miles, undertakes to govern an empire 12,000 miles off, extending over 26 degrees of latitude, and containing a population of 180,000,000 of people, avowedly incapable of self-government, and therefore only to be controlled, directly or indirectly, by military power. Competent authorities, enlightened by the warnings conveyed by the mutiny of 1857, have decided that a European garrison of at least 70,000 men of all arms must be permanently maintained in that country; and authorities equally competent inform us that nearly 70 per 1,000 of these troops perish annually, and that the cost at which we have held dominion there for a century has been the sacrifice of a company out of each regiment every twenty months. We are told, in the words of the Report, that "our army of 70,000 British soldiers in India has a vast hospital of 5,580 beds constantly full of sick, and loses yearly by death 4,830 men, or nearly five regiments," who have to be replaced at great cost by successive shiploads of recruits. And this drain on our recruiting resources has to be borne by a country which undertakes at the same time not only to defend her own shores, but to garrison her North American, African, Australian, and West Indian colonies, and to maintain ten or twelve battalions in the Mediterranean—to say nothing of fighting Maoris, Kaffirs, Ashantees, and other miscellaneous enemies of all colours, in all climates, at all costs, in the remotest corners of the earth.

If the military administration of India had been at the cost and charge of this country, instead of being borne on the revenues of our Eastern Empire, we should not now have learnt for the first time that out of 120 stations in the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, not one was provided with that elementary necessity of healthful life—subsoil drainage. Some vigilant economist would have ferreted out enough of the vital statistics of Hindostan to lay bare to the taxpayers of England the reckless waste of human life which is annually occasioned, not by the ravages of climate and the rays of a tropical sun, but by the utter neglect of the most ordinary and inexpensive precautions which instinct has often taught to savages, and which have been forced by law or usage on almost all communities in the lowest rank of civilization, even in the healthiest latitudes. If the 100*l.* a year which is the cost of each British soldier in India had been provided from the proceeds of British taxes, it would probably not have been left to the unofficial and spontaneous benevolence of an English lady to discover and reveal to the English public the fact that, in the barracks and military hospitals in India, fresh air and pure water were rarities the need of which had to be proved by two large folios, supported by the testimony of forty-two witnesses. The fatal results of intemperance on life, health, and character, and the indiscipline and crime which are its invariable products in all the armies of the world, are universally admitted. The specially injurious effects of ardent spirits, even in cold climates, in predisposing the system to organic disease, are sufficiently well known to enable even those who are without professional knowledge to estimate in some degree their probable effects on the constitution of an Englishman in India. In that country, however, as appears from the Report before us, the official allowance of raw spirit which the soldier was permitted to purchase at the canteens—to say nothing of the poison which he could surreptitiously procure at the bazaars—exceeded the rate of eighteen gallons per man per annum. Nor is it at all surprising, under these circumstances, that in one hospital in Bombay nearly one-tenth part of all the admissions during a period of ten years was from *delirium tremens*, and that, according to the evidence of the same witness (Dr. John McLennan), alcohol destroyed more than either fever, hepatitis, or diarrhoea, and nearly as many as cholera—that terrible scourge which "first took the form in which it ravaged the world in the delta of the Ganges." It may well be a matter of marvel that, while removable causes of vast evil were superadded to those incidental to Indian climate, such a state of things should so long have escaped the notice of the authorities. But, if it had not been for the mutiny of 1857, it is doubtful whether the details of Indian administration would have been forced by any vigorous or enlightened public opinion in England

on the Executive Government with sufficient effect to have produced any change in the direction of sanitary reform.

The transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Queen in 1858, and the mutiny which had been one of the chief causes of that transfer, led necessarily to inquiries into the military as well as political condition of our Eastern dependencies. One somewhat questionable result of these inquiries was the amalgamation of the former Indo-European forces with the Imperial army. Another was the investigation, of which the product is now before us, into the sanitary condition of the whole Indian garrison. In 1859, at the instance mainly of the late Lord Herbert, a Royal Commission over which he presided, and consisting of eight members, was appointed to inquire into and report on the sanitary state of the army in India, and on all subordinate details bearing upon that inquiry. In the spring of 1863 the Report of the Commissioners (who had in the meantime, unfortunately, lost the services of their first chairman) was published, together with the evidence on which it was founded. In August, 1864, the Report, together with a very full abstract of all the most important documents contained in the two folio volumes, was republished by the authority of the present Secretary of State for the War Department; and the facts as found by the Commissioners, and the recommendations submitted by them to the Executive Government, are now presented to public notice in a condensed and readable form, "with a view (as is stated in the preface to the Report) of affording information on the subject to commanding, engineering, and medical officers."

The volume entitled *Suggestions in regard to Sanitary Works required for improving Indian Stations* emanates from the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission at the War-Office, assisted by two members representing the India Office, and one from the Local Government Act Office. This also was printed and published at the close of the last Session of Parliament. Among so vast a mass of statistics of population, temperature, topography, and disease as these volumes, even in their abridged form, present, it is difficult to select the facts and figures which afford the most fruitful thesis for practical comment. But perhaps the striking and (if it were indeed irremediable) appalling contrast presented by the vital statistics of India and of England may be said to be the great and pregnant fact disclosed by these inquiries. In the unhealthiest towns in England, and in a population employed in the unhealthiest trades, the rate of adult mortality is found not to exceed 12 per 1,000 per annum, while, among the British troops in India, a mortality of not less than 69 per 1,000 per annum is officially reported to take place. The grand question which is submitted to the Commissioners, and which their Report professes to answer, is, whether this fearful and wholesale destruction of life is ascribable to causes beyond the reach of human skill or science to limit or to reduce. It is obvious that on the reply given to this question the tenure of our power in India must ultimately depend. However elastic may be its revenues, however inexhaustible its industrial resources, however unlimited the supply of cheap labour which India can afford to the European capitalist, if the military death-rate cannot be greatly reduced, no political machinery which statesmen can provide can be permanently maintained in that vast peninsula.

The causes to which the Commissioners ascribe the high military death-rate in India, though susceptible of numerous subdivisions, may, for the simplification of the subject, be classified as threefold:—1. Those which are attributable to defect or absence of sanitary administration; 2. Those which are attributable to specified classes of diseases not peculiar to India; 3. Those which are attributable to local or atmospheric influences, and are ordinarily ascribed to "climate."

Under the first of these headings—namely, the mortality ascribable to defective sanitary administration—fall all those structural defects in barracks and hospitals which would cause disease and death in even the healthiest possible climate. The absence of fresh air, pure water, suitable clothing, and healthy occupation, the bad selection of stations with a view solely to strategic and in no degree to sanitary considerations, may be enumerated among the most prominent of the remediable administrative causes of the present high rate of military mortality. The Commissioners further inform us, with reference to the same subject (and their statement is forcibly illustrated by Miss Nightingale's valuable comments on the Stational Returns), that—

The towns and bazaars in the vicinity of lines are in the worst possible sanitary state, undrained, unpaved, badly cleansed, often teeming with offensive and dangerous nuisances; with tanks, pools, and badly made surface-gutters containing filth and foul water; the area overcovered with houses put up without order or regularity, the external ventilation obstructed, and the houses overcovered with people; no public latrines, and every spare plot of ground covered with filth in consequence; no water-supply, except what is obtained from bad shallow wells and unwholesome or doubtful tanks. These towns and bazaars are the earliest seats of epidemics, especially of cholera, before their ravages extend to the European troops in the vicinity. None of the stations have any subsoil drainage, and there are no other means of removing the rainfall except surface-gutters. The ground about the lines is often broken up in pits and hollows filled with stagnant water, or it is traversed by unwholesome ravines or nullahs. Both barracks and hospitals are built at or close to the level of the ground, without any thorough draught between the floors and the ground. And the men both in barrack-rooms and sick-wards are exposed to damp and malaria from this cause, as well as from want of drainage. Barracks and hospitals have frequently no glazed windows, and only wooden shutters. Both barrack-rooms and sick-wards are, as a rule, dark. The greater proportion of the force is lodged in barracks in such large numbers per room as to be very injurious to health; many of these rooms being several hundreds of feet in length, and some of them containing from a quarter to half of a regiment each. Water

sources have been, with one or two exceptions, selected without analysis; the supply is taken from shallow wells and tanks, both of which are very liable to pollution. In a few cases the water is derived from rivers. It is drawn by dipping, and carried in skins, thereby increasing its impurity. No precautions are taken for purifying drinking water, and the whole arrangement results in a supply of water (for drinking and culinary purposes) of a bad or doubtful quality, and such as would be rejected in any improved sanitary district in this country. Hospitals are constructed on the same general plan as barracks. They have no proper ablution or bath accommodation, no drainage, water-closets, or water supply, except what is drawn and carried by hand-labour. No trained attendants are provided for the sick. Connected with habits of intemperance and want of occupation is the prevalence of syphilis, a disease which occasions a large amount of inefficiency and invaliding. Means of recreation are few; of exercise, none; of instruction, limited. The soldier's habits are sedentary where they ought to be active. He is led into vice and intemperance. Making every allowance for the influence of climate—which, however, is altogether secondary except as increasing the effect of the removable causes of disease—the whole tenor of the evidence proves that the bad sanitary conditions enumerated, together with unfavourable habits as to diet, intemperance, and want of occupation on the part of the men, are causes sufficient to account for a large part of the sickness, mortality, and invaliding occasioned by those diseases from which the army in India mainly suffers. There are no proper sanitary authorities in towns, no trained officers of health in any town or cantonment, and no means whereby the experience obtained in dealing with sanitary questions at home can be rendered available for India; until recently, no means on the part of medical officers of receiving instruction in military hygiene and sanitary knowledge existed; there was no recognition of the sanitary element in the Army Medical Service.—Report, pp. 121-2.

The Commissioners add to these causes of disease and mortality the excessive allowance of raw spirit (being at the rate of two drams per day) which, under existing regulations, is supplied by the Commissariat to each soldier; the neglect which has hitherto prevailed in adapting the clothing of the army to the temperature of India; and the undue and premature exposure of recruits to a tropical climate at too early an age, and before the constitution is fully formed.

We have now enumerated the chief causes of mortality ascribed in the Report to mal-administration, or non-administration, and neglect of the rudiments of sanitary science—causes which need only for their removal a little attention to the elementary principles of that science on the part of the Executive Government. Of the remaining topics treated in the important documents before us we shall speak on a future occasion.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERAS.

NOTHING daunted by his ill-success as a manager of Covent Garden, Mr. Harrison has thrown down the gauntlet to the new Company who have turned him out of his old home, and the public will probably be the gainers by having English opera given at both our large Opera-houses this winter. As far as he has at present gone, Mr. Harrison has carefully avoided the rock on which was wrecked the enterprise of himself and Miss Pyne at Covent Garden. The fatal error of presenting himself as the leading character in every new opera was one for which not even Miss Pyne's perfect singing was a sufficient compensation. Sweet, however, are the uses of adversity; and, warned by experience, Mr. Harrison has secured Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Swift, to share with him, if not altogether monopolise, the post of leading tenor. He has, in other respects likewise, got together a company quite sufficient to present operas in a very good style, although perhaps another principal soprano is somewhat wanting.

The success of the English version of *Faust* which was given last winter at the same house no doubt induced the new lessee to open his season with that opera, more especially as the original representatives of the English *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* were ready to assume their parts. Of these we may say that Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing his best, and he has now worked up his performance of *Faust* so as to leave but little to be desired, at all events as far as the music is concerned. That winning grace and inimitable love-making which Signor Mario infuses into the part belong but to few, perhaps we may say but to one; and we must not therefore complain that that charm is wanting. In all other respects Mr. Sims Reeves plays the character admirably. The *Mephistopheles* of Signor Marchesi is neither better nor worse than it was last year. He gives us the conventional type, and displays little or no subtlety of conception, making his devil but a vulgar one at the best. The other parts are all freshly filled, and a considerable success has been achieved in each case. That Miss Pyne should not long ago have been tempted by the part of *Marguerite* is only one among the thousand instances of the singular mistakes made by actors as to their pet rôles. Liston, to his dying day, believed implicitly that he had mistaken his line, and the nightly shouts of laughter at his exquisitely comic face failed to convince him that he ought not to have been drowning the pit in tears by his *Lear* or *Othello*. Three or four years ago Miss Pyne might have been first on a field where she now appears as the last. There are, we conceive, but two readings to be given to *Marguerite*. The details may be varied, but the views of the part taken by Madlle. Titiens on the one hand, and by Mdme. Carvalho on the other, represent the legitimate divergence; for Madlle. Lucca's saucy French grisette version we put altogether out of the question. Of these, we ourselves prefer the reading of Mdme. Carvalho, so perfectly worked out by Madlle. Patti. It is not so powerful in acting as Madlle. Titiens makes it, whose last act is very striking, but we think it the truer version. Miss Pyne, as might be expected, leans to the domestic rather than the tragic

view of the part, and, without attaining to the finish of Madlle. Patti, satisfies us as well as nearly any other representative of *Marguerite* we have seen. Her singing is delightful, and in this she yields to no one among her many competitors. With Mr. Santley's voice still, as it were, ringing through the house in a part which he has made so peculiarly his own, it showed great confidence in a new comer, even with such a passport as the name of Garcia, to present himself as *Valentine*. The result, however, fully justified the attempt. Although the father of the new singer has been resident among us for many years, Mr. Garcia is more a foreigner than an Englishman, as his pronunciation of the text sufficiently proved. To whatever nation, however, he may belong, he is unquestionably a great acquisition to the operatic stage. His voice is a decided barytone, although not as yet possessing, or at all events using, the upper G (as was shown in the *duel trio*), now considered so essential for the modern barytone. The style is excellent, the tone most agreeable and well produced, and there is an elegance and refinement in his singing, the result of careful training, without which there is always something wanting in a singer, although sometimes it is difficult to point out exactly what it is that we desire. Mr. Garcia moves well upon the stage, and evidently possesses his share of the dramatic inheritance of his family. To those who remember Mr. Santley's early efforts as an actor, it may seem singular to say that Mr. Garcia's rendering of *Valentine's* dying curse was not so forcible as that of his predecessor; yet such was undoubtedly the case, though this will scarcely be reckoned a fault on a first appearance by those who know the danger which a young actor runs of exaggerating passionate feeling. This very reticence, not want of power, is one of the best signs of promise for Mr. Garcia's future as an actor. We were agreeably surprised by Miss Cottrell's performance of *Siebel*. Remembering this young lady as a *soubrette* and singer in burlesques at the *Olympic*, we had little faith in her being able so soon to transform herself into an operatic singer. Her voice, however, has become much more powerful than formerly, and she uses it with taste. We have too few good operatic singers not to welcome Miss Cottrell's first attempt, and we hope that she will persevere with industry in her new career. The band and chorus, presided over by Signor Arditi, being nearly identical with the forces which he directs during the performance of Italian opera, are perfectly familiar with *Faust*, and indeed the beautiful accompaniments were rendered with admirable delicacy.

With the flourish which seems to be inseparable from a musical programme, Mr. Santley's name was announced as a member of the company, which, however, only meant that during one week he would sing three times, for he has already departed to Barcelona, after appearing as *Germont* in *La Traviata*. This opera has served to introduce Mdme. Kenneth, an excellent singer who ought to have been heard some years ago. The British public is very tolerant of singers somewhat *passés* when it has long known them, but it is somewhat impatient of those who, having bestowed their freshness upon others, present themselves with faded laurels. We fear, therefore, that the really excellent points in Mdme. Kenneth's singing—her clear articulation, her completeness and facility of execution, and her dramatic power—may be overlooked in the evidently worn tones of her voice. True, she singularly enough chose a character which requires those very qualities of voice and person in which she is deficient, and in which a singer, if not youthful, is nothing; so that in future parts she may make that impression on the many which her really good singing has thus far made only on the few. Why, however, such an opera as *La Traviata* should be chosen to assist in the opening of an English opera season, when there are other foreign operas by hundreds little known here, and which would be thankfully received, is marvellous. Not even the strong argument of empty benches will induce managers to give up what has been hacknied to death, and was never worth very much at the best. Is it the fault of the singers or of the managers that, like a horse in a mill, we are compelled to go over and over again the same everlasting round of threadbare operas? How differently does the manager of the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris cater for his audience! Among other difficulties under which a National Opera labours is the want of a manager with a cultivated taste to enable him to judge for himself without being led by a name or a cry, and bold and enterprising enough to give his taste fair play; and this want neither house at present seems likely to supply. While, however, Mr. Harrison gives us such operas as *Faust* and *Don Giovanni*, we must be thankful that we are no worse served.

At Covent Garden it is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Macfarren's dreary, patchy *Helvellyn*, even to such a well-worn work as *Somnambula*, more especially with Mr. Adams as *Elvino*. This second part shows that we really have a dramatic tenor in this gentleman. His acting is manly and powerful, probably the best that has been seen of the character in this country. Something still remains of that worn tone in the middle notes of his voice which we noticed on his first appearance; but the upper register is very brilliant, and it is possibly to a too lavish use of these upper notes that the slight sense of wear we have mentioned may be due. If so, care may restore evenness of tone to the whole voice. *Elvino* was written for Rubini, at a time when his mastery over all the intricacies of vocalization was at its zenith. It may, therefore, be allowed to Mr. Adams to alter and facilitate passages which are certainly of great difficulty; but florid singing is not, we imagine, a strong point with him. His execution cannot at present be called brilliant, and will benefit by greater



cultivation. His performance and singing, however, are on the whole very satisfactory, and such as will excite considerable interest in each fresh character which he now undertakes. A new Amina was not so successful as the Elvino. Madlle. Martorelle was favourably known in concert-rooms last season for her piquant singing of Spanish songs. It is one thing, however, to sing a single song in a concert-room with success, and another to go through an entire opera; and in the present state of her musical cultivation Madlle. Martorelle must be held as overtaxed by the demands of Amina. Her elegant figure and graceful action did much in her favour, but her execution of the two florid songs—altered by her with very liberal license—was, too much after the modern fashion, incomplete; though this incompleteness she endeavoured to disguise by a certain dash, imposing enough upon some of the audience. In the concerted pieces too, the test of a good singer, we thought her weak; rarely, indeed, have we heard the soprano part of the quintet in the bed-room scene given with less effect. We must admit, however, that the audience did not seem to notice these defects, or perhaps they "looked in her face and then forgave them all"; and each repetition of the opera has drawn a great crowd, to which result Madlle. Martorelle has, we believe, contributed as much as Mr. Adams—although perhaps both owe something to the failure of *Helvellyn*, which, well played and sung as it is, seems already on its last legs. A Mr. Coates has appeared in two acts of *Masaniello*, but the part is so singularly ill adapted to his powers that, beyond giving him credit for a tenor voice of pleasing but not powerful quality, we will say nothing of his performance, but await his appearance in some more suitable character. The new Company cannot be charged with supineness in their management, since Mr. Hatton's opera, to which we look forward with considerable interest, is to be played to-night, with, we sincerely trust, more success than has attended the first novelty they have produced.

## REVIEWS.

### TRANSATLANTIC METAPHYSICS.\*

IT seems to be a characteristic and settled principle of the American mind to claim for itself an exemption from the precedents, the traditions, and the established experience of Europe. In politics, in finance, in social and domestic organization, the laws which have been observed to govern or restrain the people of the Old World appear to have no power over the New. Not only has a new code of national and social ethics supplanted the worn-out and timid regulative code of the men of old time, but a not less contemptuous disregard seems to be shown to what it has been those elders' boast to have achieved in matters of a less transient or conventional kind. We may trace the fundamental principle of the "Know-nothings" extending to the pursuits of literature and the domains of philosophy. There is, it may be feared, a deeper cause than mere indifference for the ignorance in which American writers are frequently contented to remain as regards studies and conclusions familiar to the thinking classes of Europe. It argues more than the natural, and perhaps inevitable, disadvantage that must cling to a new people springing up rapidly at a remote distance from the traditional learning, the mental discipline, and the critical atmosphere of long-established civilization, and precluded from access to collections of old books. Those drawbacks might long ago have ceased to operate, had but increased opportunities of acquaintance with the past been suffered to mitigate that instinctive preference for the new over the old, and that habitual contempt for the wisdom, the learning, and the experience of older nations, which must be fatal to the sound and wholesome training of an individual or a people. It is an amusing result of thus arbitrarily ignoring the past that we find a new and upstart generation falling, after all, without knowing it, into the old groove of thought, and adding its brains with problems and difficulties which vexed abler and more thoughtful minds whole centuries ago. The trite and familiar proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun" may indeed be held somewhat cheap and musty in the land which has given birth to the milking machine and India-rubber shoes. Nevertheless, the tendency in human nature to repeat itself is far too strong even for the Transatlantic idiosyncrasy. In the physical or mechanical sciences, or in whatever relates to mere material well-being, where experiment and smartness of invention are the principal instruments of discovery, there is, of course, ample room for progress of a real and valuable kind. It is when we come to the realms of philosophy, as distinct from science, in face of the questions that relate to man's inner nature, his origin and destiny, that we find the aspiring mind of the age brought up by the old obstacles, betraying its incompetence by vaunting as novel and original conclusions what are but the leavings of an earlier generation, and flaunting itself in the threadbare mental fashions of Europe, which it fondly conceives to form a spick and span new philosophy of its own.

The work of Mr. Rowland G. Hazard upon the Will is a notable instance of the natural result of this habit of neglecting or contemning the prior labours of European thinkers upon that critical portion of metaphysics. For aught that appears to the

contrary, the writer has taken up that time-worn yet still unfathomed subject much in the same way in which many of his countrymen have pitchforked themselves into prominent places in camps and armies; with no more special study of the mysteries of his science than those smart attorneys or mule-breeders dreamed of bestowing upon the art of war, and with no less happy ignorance of the speculations, controversies, and heart-burnings which have followed the struggle between the forces of necessity and of free will than had those impromptu tacticians of the strategy and the achievements of Hannibal or Caesar, Vauban or Napoleon. The only formal treatise upon the subject on which he seems to have thought it worth while to expend any degree of attention is that of his countryman Jonathan Edwards, which he apparently considers, in the true Know-nothing spirit, to comprise everything worth knowing that has been said or could be said upon the matter, and to have rendered superfluous whatever may have been contributed before or since by philosophers of the European cast. More than half the present treatise is devoted to a criticism and refutation of the system of that dry old Calvinist divine; and in exposing to his own satisfaction the weak points in that writer's theory, Mr. Hazard seems to think that he has disposed once for all of the arguments of the whole school of "necessarians," and removed finally the one "grand obstruction to the progress of ethics and theology." We ought not, perhaps, in deference to the recent growth and modern standard of education in America, to expect any very laboured treatment of the early history of this controversy. The fragments of the Stoics, and the versified metaphysics of Lucretius, even as condensed by the substantial learning of Cudworth, may lie too deep down in the fossil strata of the past to be exhumed for the purposes of the bran-new philosophy of the West. Even the pages of Hobbes may be voted too dry and antiquated for minds which the dust of centuries seems but to irritate and to choke; while any reference to such modern phases of the controversy as the works of Kant or Comte—not to come so near home as Bentham or Mill—might be an infraction of that Monroe doctrine in literature which would shut out from the sacred soil of American thought every unhallowed European foot. It is, however, easier to close the ear to the intrusion of recent or alien sounds than to attune the mind to really fresh and original ideas. Without having, in all probability, read one line of the Schoolmen—

Those bigots in the night of time—

we find Mr. Hazard starting, at the outset of his undertaking, with a string of postulates which outdo in arbitrariness and audacity the most dogmatic flights of the Irrefragable Doctor. The coolness and confidence with which he pursues the "high priori road," in the face of the whole host of modern inductive logicians, is enough to turn the head of the most scholastic divine with mortification and envy. The entire basis of his system of metaphysics is one of pure theology. The arguments for the freedom both of intelligence and will are drawn out from a starting-point as abstract and dogmatical as that of the *Sentences* or the *Summa* of Aquinas. Accustomed as we have been, under the régime of positive or inductive philosophy, to commence our inquiries with the observation and analysis of facts, it is something portentous to find ourselves set at once face to face with the Infinite, and assuming no less than the entire scheme of ontological divinity as the datum point of our new psychological creed. Working his theory downwards, from the sublime heights of the absolute and the infinite, Mr. Hazard proceeds to apply the definition of the Supreme First Cause to its finite epitome in the mental and moral constitution of man. The same powers, especially those of independent and spontaneous causation, must be inherent in lesser degree in the human copy of the archetype. It is something novel in our day to see the solution of psychological problems in the hands of high Calvinist theology, and the basis of moral and mental science laid down in terms almost identical with those of the First Article of Religion:—

We content ourselves with the conclusion, that here and now, the finite mind of man, made in the image of God, has finite powers corresponding to omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, and other creative attributes of the Infinite; and, so far as we can know, exerts these powers in the same mode and under the same conditions; that is, it has wants, it has a faculty of effort, or will, by which to endeavour to gratify those wants; and it has knowledge, which enables it to form preconceptions of the future effects of those efforts, and to judge as to what effort to make, and thus determine that effort and the consequent effect, as in itself A CREATIVE FIRST CAUSE.

By the end of the first chapter we have thus learnt to undo the work of a good hundred years—which has gone to sever sharply between metaphysics and divinity—and find ourselves at a metaphysical high-water mark anterior to the beginning even of the Scottish era. The postulates which we are quietly to assume as calling for no antecedent proof are those of "the existence of our own finite intelligence, of other similar finite intelligences, and of the Supreme or Infinite Intelligence." "We have come to know ourselves, our fellow beings, and God, as powers producing certain effects, as being Cause." As it soon becomes apparent that the idea of Cause in our author's system involves the notion of originating effects, or setting things in motion by a self-contained and spontaneous principle or power, apart from all conditions, laws, or antecedents, there would appear to be little need, after this sweeping assumption, for the subsequent array of metaphysical proofs. The first chapter embraces the whole conclusion, and nothing more can be needed than to deduce the appropriate inferences, and stamp Q. E. D. upon every step of the demonstration with the

\* *Freedom of Mind in Willing.* By Rowland G. Hazard. New York: D. Appleton. 1864.

triumphant authoritativeness of Euclid. And such, in fact, will be found on examination to be the case. Wanting the technical forms of logical mode and figure, there is the same rigour of verbal inference by which in old argumentative treatises we find ourselves, after the first fatal grant of the major premises, entangled in the meshes of syllogism and sorites. But the result is little more than verbal after all. If man is, in his intellectual and moral sphere, "a supreme and a sole creative first cause," and if "his will is infinite," though "limited in its range because power of conception is finite," it is but a waste of time to discuss the question whether man is to be regarded as a free agent in the exercise of his intelligence and will. The truth, however, is that, throwing himself upon the wide ocean of speculation without previously sounding its depths or arming himself with the charts laid down by previous explorers, Mr. Hazard finds himself upon a shore far away from the haunts of ordinary thought, and one which has been touched only to be abandoned as sterile and unprofitable. The track he has set himself takes him, from the first, wholly out of the latitude in which two generations of thinkers have instinctively consented to prosecute the search for truth. One of the first quicksands to be encountered is the old scholastic division into the two "entities" of matter and spirit. Matter, of course, has to be defined. "All the sensations which we attribute to matter"—and here, again, the author runs off into theology—are, we are told, "as fully accounted for by the hypothesis that they are the thought, the imagery of God directly imparted, or made palpable to our finite minds, as by the hypothesis of a distinct external substance, in which He has moulded this thought and imagery." To adopt the prior alternative, that our sensations of what is external are but "the conceptions of the Supreme intelligence," and to ignore matter entirely, would be to free the subject, in the author's view, "from many apparent if not real difficulties," leaving us "only to consider the action of intelligence in its finite and infinite forms." In the ideal world, to which all existing phenomena would thus be narrowed, it would doubtless be easy and pleasant for the metaphysician to disport himself. Having disposed of matter and material conditions as determining or influencing the action of infinite or finite intelligence and volition, little would be needed to complete the discomfiture of those who maintain a balance of forces in the moral and spiritual as in the physical universe, who think it no derogation from the action of the will that in acting it remains true to laws and modes of operation inherent in the general constitution of things, and who see in conformity to those universal laws and harmonies the truest and highest tests of freedom. In the school, if it still exists as such, of which Mr. Hazard makes himself the representative, it seems impossible to conceive of law or condition otherwise than as some external antagonistic force, which conflicts with, and either crushes or is crushed by, the spontaneous principle.

Viewing man simply in the individual, and betraying no consciousness of the method of approaching mankind in the aggregate or the mass, Mr. Hazard is wide as the poles from those who, like Mr. Buckle, find the doctrine of averages realized in moral action, and discover a law of uniformity at a certain point in the scale of conduct, where individual differences blend into a harmonious whole. The conclusion at which even Edwards had arrived independently, that from the same causes the same effects must always follow, and by consequence that, if we knew all the antecedents, we could for certain predict the consequences in morals and politics, he scents as incompatible with the liberty of the agent. Another province of the subject upon which he is no less at variance with the predominant temper of modern thought is that of the principle of the conservation of force in physics. Arguing, for instance, from the visible arrestation of a body, such as a ball, thrown by the hand and impinging upon other bodies, as well as retarded in its motion by the particles of the atmosphere, he is led to infer, in contempt for the old first law of motion, a gradual wearing out or diminution of motive force, which, in process of time, if not kept up by some intervening or auxiliary force, must bring everything in nature to a standstill:—

As any force of matter in motion depends upon its supposed tendency to continue in motion; and it being evident that some of the bodies, coming in direct opposition to each other with equal force, must be stopped; and that matter has no power to put itself in motion again, it follows that the power of that portion thus stopped is annihilated; and the power of matter being thus continually diminishing, must, with sufficient time, be eventually destroyed, or, at least, be reduced to an infinitesimal quantity.

That matter has not yet come to this state of quiescence—in other words, that its causative power has not yet been exhausted—is due, in Mr. Hazard's opinion, to the constant interposition of free and spontaneous intelligence, whether infinite or finite, much as the impact of comets is supposed to keep up the heat and electric energy of the sun. Thus, as matter cannot possibly be Cause in the proper sense, except by means of motion—and motion can in nowise be self-engendered, but must be derived from without—the *primum mobile* must be referred to the single "entity" of spirit, which, thus asserting its superiority to matter, can never be controlled by any condition or law of an exterior and material kind. There is something very neat and ingenious in a compact argument of this sort, and to minds of a certain conformation and training such modes of reasoning may carry a high degree of conviction. They involve, it will be seen, a total reconstruction of the science of nature, no less than that of mind. Such a revolution may seem a trifle in the newer parts of the world. Here, however, with our antiquated adherence to the methods and the experience of centuries,

and our humdrum persistence in building upwards from the observation of facts rather than flying into metaphysical space upon the wings of the infinite, we are hardly to be tempted to suck the eggs of philosophy after the novel recipe of the far West, even at the bidding of one of that band of wise men of the future who, like the author before us, have long ago changed old lamps for new, and who, from heights accessible only to the American eagle, "alone have caught glimpses of the radiant fields of speculation which lie beyond."

#### WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.\*

IF a borough-owner or monger, bent on enlisting recruits for His Majesty's Government or His Majesty's Opposition in the year 1822, had looked one Friday evening into the Union Debating Society at the Red Lion, Cambridge, his attention would have been drawn to two speakers then and there dividing the applause of a long and not very well lighted room. Of the pair, one was short of stature, stoutly built, yet remarkably upright in his carriage, whose otherwise heavy cast of features was relieved by bright and expressive eyes. He spoke with more force than grace; he never hesitated for a word; his matter was rather copious than well-chosen; he amazed all who heard him by the opulence of his illustrations and images, and perplexed not a few of them by the devious course of his eloquence. He was Thomas Babington Macaulay, rehearsing, and at times even rivalling in those mimic debates, his future displays in the actual warfare of Parliament or the hustings. The other, less rhetorical and less impetuous, but much terser, more graceful and winning in manner and in manner, possessed, apparently, the larger share of the gifts most prized on hustings and in St. Stephen's Chapel. He was Winthrop Mackworth Praed. In the Cambridge arena this pair of athletes, though occasionally crossing swords, fought usually on the same side; and it was seldom the side of the Government, and not always that of the Church. The currents of their lives afterwards divided them—the one adhering to the Whig banner, under which he had been born and bred, the other enlisting in the Tory battalion, which, at the moment of his joining it (1831-2), had little to attract, though it stood much in need of, such a recruit. Division, however, never lessened their respect and affection for each other. To the one a long course of political and literary success was granted; the expectations which the other had awakened at Eton and justified at Cambridge, an early death extinguished. So precarious is literary fame in any age that the name of Praed is probably far better known at this moment than his writings, while even his name is little more than a shadow to the generation which has sprung up since his death. "State the titles of Praed's principal poems, and what you know of the dates or occasions of them?" would be a staggering question at competitive examinations. But *hæc data pæna*, for the most part, to all who write in Magazines, and who, moreover, display, like Praed, somewhat of the temper of the ostrich as regards their offspring. He regarded the best of his verses as little more than trifles for the hour, and though, as it appears, he sometimes revised, he never collected, them. Why we have so long awaited the present collection and edition is explained by Mr. Derwent Coleridge in the following words:—

The delay has been occasioned by no want of zeal on the part of those more immediately concerned in the undertaking, who may rather be charged with too anxious a sense of duty than with any indifference of feeling. Though well aware that there is a tide in the affairs of books, no less than of men, and that a debt is due to the generation which is passing away for which the next can give no acquaintance, they have been willing to forgo the advantage of a timely appearance, and even to be held defaulters in a matter of admitted obligation, rather than bring out what seemed to them an imperfect work, or do less than justice to him whose memory as a man, no less than an author, it is intended to preserve.

Praed, in his peculiar vein of verse and humour a classic, has thus obtained a classical edition of his remains. We may regret the delay, but we have not suffered by it; indeed, both his fame and his name—thus, as it were, revived, and divested of the contemporary accidents that surrounded both more than thirty years ago—are perhaps gainers rather than losers by this tardy collection of his verses. These retain so much vitality even now as to justify to the full their early popularity at a time when his rhymes or his prose were a certain recommendation to the ephemeral pages which contained them. America, indeed, has cherished his writings more sedulously than England, for she has three separate collections of them, while his own country, until the present year, had not even one. But the American editions are far from complete or accurate, and the later of them saddles him with a brood he never hatched or owned, but which were the work of a clever imitator of his style.

Had Praed been permitted to fulfil the expectations awakened by his brilliant career at Eton and Cambridge, his own early fame would have been his most formidable antagonist. As the "Peregrine Courtenay" and "Vivian Joyeuse" of the *Etonian* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, as the "Φ" of the annuals and miscellanies of the last generation, he had displayed, both in verse and prose, so much command and control of language, such ready, genial, and original wit, such keen insight into the feelings or the fashions of the day, such dexterity in catching the Cynthias of the minute, that it might have been difficult for the man so far to surpass the

\* *The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. 2 vols. London: Moxon & Co. 1864.*



youth as not to provoke injurious comparisons with himself. His boyish verses were nearly, if not quite, as good as those of the brothers Horace and James Smith, nor did they come far behind some of the wittiest and most graceful productions of him whom Hood designates as "once Little but now Moore." Forty years ago the field of witty epigrammatic verse, in such form at least as the nineteenth century requires, was almost clear. Hood had not yet displayed his extraordinary gifts in gay or grave poetry; the *Ingoldsby Legends* had not astonished the world by rhymes that in themselves are jests, or by clothing ghastly superstitions of the people in the garb of "laughter holding both his sides." Swift's humour and Prior's had grown obsolete; something of an autumnal tinge had fallen on the lighter verses of Goldsmith and Gray; the *Bath Guide* had become almost as much a record of extinct manners as the *Adventures of Sir Hudibras*. Præd was among the foremost, both in time and merit, to work a new vein of genial and graceful pleasantry. He may since have been surpassed, yet, to judge of him fairly, we must compare him, not with the humorous poets of 1864, but with those who were coeval with him forty years ago.

Nor, if we go back to the same period, shall we find his serious and sentimental verse devoid of high promise and considerable merit. Even when he dropped the comic mask, he exhibited many of the gifts of the satirist and the lyrical versifier. To say that of the poets on Johnson's list two-thirds were his inferiors, would be more injurious than complimentary to Præd, inasmuch as two-thirds of those who make up Johnson's *Lives* were either blockheads in verse or "mere cobblers in respect of fine workmen." The poems which Præd produced before he affixed B.A. to his name are at least equal to any which Pope or Dryden had written at a similar age; and, bating a few preliminary flashes in them of the power afterwards embodied in *Comus*, Milton's vacation exercises are inferior to Præd's school and college exercises. The promise of Chatterton, compared with that of Præd, stands in the relation of torchlight to gaslight; and we must look with far "reverted" or with far "forward" eyes before we meet with a youth and early manhood so signally stamped as his was, either by performance or promise. Nor are his essays in prose much less remarkable than his verses. For terse and elegant expression, for true and lively sketches of life and manners, his contributions to the *Etonian* tread closely on the heels of the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, and surpass in merit at least a moiety of the papers which once delighted the readers of the *Tatler*, the *Idler*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Connoisseur*. Perhaps a wary critic in 1824 might have discerned a speck on these buds of promise in the very excellence of their form. Something too much of the wisdom of age is perceptible in these sallies of youth. The fire of genius is less apparent in them than the clear steady lamp of experienced and reflecting manhood. They savour almost as much of the end as of the beginning of a literary career.

We have sometimes wondered how it chanced that Præd escaped the early spoiling which usually awaits early excellence. How came it that he was not accounted a prodigy by his immediate relatives and friends? His biographer accounts for the escape from this melancholy doom. In his father Præd possessed a sensible and sagacious monitor. The elder Præd, we are told, "never spared the pruning-knife, preferring that the literary exercises of a boy should be stiff and formal rather than loose or careless. He required plain sense plainly spoken, and would tolerate no extravagances." Horace's father was not more judicious in the moral training of his promising son than was Præd's in thus exercising his "pruning-knife." The son's facility in composition was precisely of the kind to have been spoilt by injudicious wonder and praise. To the paternal curb we owe some of the good sense and much of the correct expression which are remarkable even in Præd's earliest compositions. "Paulo sufflaminandus erat noster Haterius" — he had in his active fancy all the elements of a mere rhetorician, and in his rich and ready wit most of the ingredients of a parodist or a modern writer of burlesques. The early discipline of home and the classical discipline of school probably saved him from the pitfalls of excessive punning, and the snares of lawless and vulgar travesty — snares and pitfalls which seem to be the special infliction of the present generation of writers and readers alike.

It rarely happens that a school magazine possesses any interest for the public, however welcome it may be to the authors and their friends, or to parents and guardians. It is either too local or too academic in its character for the general taste. It may display some acquaintance with books and some skill in composition, but it is scarcely possible for it to exhibit any knowledge of life beyond what books can furnish, and books alone are as often will-o'-the-wisps as steadfast beacons to young authors. Winchester, Harrow, Westminster, and Rugby have each of them at sundry times attempted to enliven or instruct their elders; but the fame or failure of the enterprise has rarely spread beyond the walls of the school, or the academic groves of Cam or Isis, which in fact are the school on a larger scale. But it is not so with the once popular and still readable *Etonian*. Of that periodical Præd was, even by the admission of men since famous in their time, the informing spirit; and, apart from literary merits, it argues no common amount of practical ability in one still in his teens to have been its able editor, as well as the most active and effective of its contributors.

Milton's Latin verses have been aptly compared to the weapons with which the recruits of the Roman legions hardened or made

supple their sinews for the duties of war and the camp. Præd's poetry was in some respects a similar implement. It trained him in the cultivation of style; it disciplined the buoyant animal spirits of youth; it procured him a name at a period when few ingenious youths have achieved higher distinctions than a Newdegate prize, or at most a volume of *juvenilia*, printed but not published, and dear alone to young ladies who keep albums, or to young gentlemen who keep a taste, or would be thought to do so. But Themis, rather than the "Muses and such like branches of learning," was his maturer cynosure; and even Themis, and her seals and maces, was to him a less potent name than Parliamentary success. "The applause of listening senates to command" was the fixed purpose of his later years. In the pursuit of this object his good sense was as conspicuous as it is even in his highest compositions. He trusted neither to his ready wit nor his brilliant fancy; these may adorn, but they will never ensure Parliamentary success. He knew that the most triumphant career at school or the Universities weighs as little with Lords or Commons as shields of many quarterings, or skill in elocution, or coats that cleave to the form, or the fame that attends the novel of the day. He knew that the witty author of the *School for Scandal* was some time before he got the ear of the House; that no amount of tediousness would make it turn a deaf ear to Joseph Hume. Præd studied Reports more diligently than he had studied Virgil, Sophocles, or Newton, and Blue-books more assiduously than either. Even while on circuit, "he would post up to London to attend a Parliamentary debate, hurrying back to his legal engagements as soon as it was concluded; and when he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, his senatorial duties more than divided, and eventually threatened to engross, his time and thoughts."

On what is termed his change of politics — a change which brought on him some obloquy at the moment — it is unnecessary to comment. He broke no promises; he was not untrue to any principle in leaving the Whig for the Conservative camp; nor was he singular in his jealousies and fears of the popular agitation of 1830. His success in Parliament was by no means proportionate to that which attended him at Eton and Cambridge. His maiden speech was on the important but not very lively subject of the cotton duties, and to some perhaps at the moment Peregrine Courtenay seemed to be Pegasus in harness. Its reception, however, was a kind of triumph, since it proved that he could master what can hardly have been a topic to his taste, as he had earlier mastered the difficulties of Greek metres or problem papers. His next effort was not so fortunate. The speech which he delivered on the Reform Bill is described by his biographer as "temperate, firm, and argumentative." But it was delivered under most unfavourable circumstances, and barely obtained a hearing. He did not catch the Speaker's eye till after midnight; he was then suffering from a severe cold, and honourable members were more disposed to sulkiness and sleep than to lending their ears as countrymen or lovers. Yet this partial failure, though it might discourage at the moment, did not permanently dishearten Præd. "He continued from time to time to take a part in the discussions of the House, and steadily rose in general estimation, not merely as a ready and skilful debater, but for the higher qualities of political intelligence and sagacity." Earl Russell is well known not to be prodigal of compliments, even to promising young Liberals; yet he designated the Tory Præd, after his death, "as a rising statesman."

We have taken, in the foregoing remarks, the prosaic side of Præd's character. That he was a brilliant writer was no wonder, for nature had endowed him with rare gifts of wit, fancy, and eloquence, and he had sedulously fostered them. But it was extraordinary, and is highly to his credit, that he preferred the steep and arduous path to the broad and pleasant road, and aspired to be useful in his generation rather than to win its ready applause. In commending him, however, as a rising lawyer and statesman, we must not forget that he was a wit and a poet. He was not allowed time to become what latterly he aimed at being; and accordingly his name survives only in his verses and his gay or grave essays, which, although they must have gratified him at the moment by their success, he had come to account among inferior objects of a manly ambition.

That Præd would ever have taken his place among poets of the first rank, even had he applied to verse the energy which he brought to political eloquence, nothing that he has written can lead us to suppose. His were not thoughts that breathe, or words that burn. His sphere of action was not one to call forth the deep thoughts, the fervent passion, or the solemn and sublime chords of the poetic mind. He had not learned by suffering what he taught in song, for, bating delicate health in his earlier and later days, his lines were set in pleasant places, and he rather complied with than exerted his intellectual powers in all his literary productions. But we see no reason to doubt that he might have secured for himself a high position among poets of the second order; and among a class so numerous to become conspicuous is no easy or common feat. Pope laments — justly or not we do not inquire —

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast,  
How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost.

Præd had in his genius much that Ovid and Martial might have applauded or envied, and wit, felicity of numbers, and power of observation far superior to those of Young or Churchill, and but little below those of Pope. Had poetry been his serious occupation, he might have written ballads better than any of Southey's, satire as pungent as Moore's, and tales in verse that would have

rivalled the famous story of Sir Balaam, and surpassed two-thirds of the narrative verses of Crabbe.

From volumes of which every page contains something to interest, and generally to amuse, we have not thought it necessary to furnish extracts, more especially as these poems are not now candidates of the season for public favour. We have endeavoured to describe the author; we leave his verses to recommend themselves. The *Memoir* prefixed to them contains the impressions of Præd's contemporaries; and the following comments of Mr. Derwent Coleridge himself confirm and extend the view we have taken of one whose name will not be forgotten, although he could not realize the fair and various promises of youth:—

Since the days of Canning, no Etonian had brought with him to Cambridge so high a reputation, and large expectations were formed with respect to his academical career. It was, indeed, soon apparent that neither his time nor his talents would be devoted exclusively or even mainly to the pursuit of University distinction. His disposition was eminently social, his company gladly welcomed wherever he was pleased to bestow it, whether by his immediate contemporaries or by men of higher standing. His scholarship was pre-eminently of the Etonian cast, as it was commonly exhibited at that day—elegant, refined and tasteful, characterised by an unconscious, and, as it were, living sympathy with the graces and proprieties of diction rather than by a minute analysis of its laws or careful collation of its facts. Yet it was far from superficial, and his mastery over the resources of the classical tongues, as displayed in his composition, was in particular most remarkable. The following critical remarks, for which the compiler of this memoir is indebted to a friend, are so much to the point that they are given in his own words:—"The character of Præd's Greek and Latin verse is peculiar. It is the exact translation, for the most part, of the same style and diction which he wielded with hardly greater ease in his native language. The same sparkling antithesis, the same minute elaboration of fancy, whether employed in depicting natural or mental objects, and the same ever-present under current of melancholy are found in both. His epigrams are perhaps the most scholar-like of his productions in classic verse; but it may be said of them all, what cannot be said of many such exercises, that they were Greek and Latin poetry."

#### ARMY LISTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.\*

MR. PEACOCK'S name is probably known to a select circle of antiquaries as an occasional correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. If our memory does not fail us, it was he who won the distinction of being the first to call attention to the peculiar nature—according to the latest authorities—of the funeral rites of the Emperor Henry the Fourth. In other words, it was Mr. Peacock whom we had to thank for first starting the now probably forgotten joke about the "Afra capella." It appears from his Preface that he is engaged on a work much greater than anything which has yet come forth from "Bottesford Manor, near Brigg." He is putting together a collection of biographical materials to illustrate the history of the Civil War. He proposes to give, if possible, some account of every officer who bore a commission from either the King or the Parliament, and of many contemporary people besides. Such a work would be antiquarian rather than historical, but it would have its use in its own way, and it would enter upon no sort of competition with the more ambitious works on the same period of which our generation has seen so many. So we wish Mr. Peacock all good luck in his undertaking. He seems to possess all that love of minute detail, that willingness to spend his strength on small men and small things, which are necessary for such a book. And we may add that these are qualities which, though more ambitious spirits may be inclined to despise them, must, for the general good of historical research, be possessed and cultivated by somebody. Mr. Peacock says truly that the small people had, in their degree, an influence on the course of things as well as the great ones, and that therefore it is well that we should know something about the small people as well as about the great ones. But, if he means to accompany his antiquarian researches with any more general disquisition, he must improve somewhat upon the style of his present Preface. It utterly lacks simplicity. Without containing anything novel, it is sententious, not to say pretentious, much too stilted and much too abstract for an introduction to a small antiquarian contribution of this sort. Why should an Army List of the seventeenth century be ushered into the world by a disquisition on the progress of "the education of the European mind," on "Teutonic materialism and Southern creature-worship?" This sort of talk is as completely out of place on such an occasion as the peculiar form of the long s which gives such an odd look to Mr. Peacock's Preface. And, as for the theory with which he starts, it is one to which we altogether demur. His theory is thus expressed:—

Then [during the Civil War], for the first time in the modern world, individual personality began to exercise a marked effect upon contemporary politics. In the preceding ages, from the time indeed when freedom sunk under the organized imperialism of the Cæsars, until the outburst of modern thought in the sixteenth century, human progress had been but little accelerated by personal qualities. The ignorance of external nature was too dense, the all-pervading influence of the dominant theology too strong, the terrors it wielded and the punishments it threatened too frightful for the energy of any one person to become conspicuous in directing public events or moulding the thoughts of others, except in those rare cases where the minds of men had already been prepared by the Church's teaching, or by their inherent or inherited superstitions.

We do not quite catch Mr. Peacock's chronology. His words

sound as if one and the same theology had been dominant from Augustus to Charles the First. If he merely means that some theology, Pagan or Christian, was dominant during the whole of that time, he has hardly expressed himself with clearness. And, to say nothing of the fact that Paganism, as a theology, could hardly be said to be dominant under the Cæsars, the change from Paganism to Christianity of itself sets aside Mr. Peacock's description of the period. And we should certainly have thought that personal qualities had much freer play in the earlier period than in the later. Men like Theodoric or Frederick the Second, men wholly unlike and beyond their own age, were indeed in a great measure thrown away. But would not such men be equally thrown away in any other age? For a man to influence his own age he must himself be influenced by his own age. To improve his contemporaries, he must understand, and in a large degree he must share, the opinions and feelings of those whom he would improve. And, without doubt, men who thus knew how to deal with their own times have left their personal impress on history for good and for evil just as much before the Civil War, or before the Reformation, as after it. Surely, to say nothing of such an exceptional person as Mahomet the Prophet, Charles Otto, Hildebrand, William the Conqueror, Simon of Montfort, Edward the First, Philip the Fair, Mahomet the Conqueror, and many others, Kings, Popes, and lesser people too, influenced the world by their personal qualities more than any one has done in later times. We do not wish in the least to depreciate the great men of the last two or three centuries, or to imply that their personal qualities have not greatly influenced the world also; but the mere general advance of mankind—the progress, in Mr. Peacock's phrase, of the education of the European mind—hinders any one man from influencing the fate of the world in the same degree as one man has sometimes done in past times. The elder Buonaparte had probably more influence on the history of the world than any one man of recent times, but his permanent personal influence has been much smaller than that of several men of earlier times. No man ever effected greater changes in the face of Europe by his personal will. But those changes which were the mere effect of his personal will have been almost all changed back again. The effects of the French Revolution, which Buonaparte partly continued and partly undid, have indeed been permanent, but the French Revolution was emphatically not the work of any particular man; it is the event of all others about which it is almost pardonable to use the sort of jargon which speaks of "the Revolution" and other things of the kind as if they were themselves personal agents. It was Charles the Great personally who, by uniting Germany into a Kingdom and attaching that Kingdom to the Empire of Rome, determined, for good and for evil, the whole history of mediæval Europe. It was William the Bastard personally, who, by two or three strokes of consummate policy, determined the whole future history of England. There is no need to believe that they had any idea of the consequences which would follow from their actions; still their personal actions and personal qualities did lastingly affect the world, in a way which those even of William the Third or Frederick of Prussia can hardly be said to have done. As regards speculative thought, about which Mr. Peacock goes on to speak, his theory is doubtless true; but, at starting, he expressly applies it to "contemporary politics," and, as applied to contemporary politics, it certainly will not hold water.

This is certainly a curious speculation for us to have been led into from an Army List of Roundheads and Cavaliers in 1642; but the digression is altogether of Mr. Peacock's making, and not of ours. Mr. Peacock is much more at home when he comes down from these higher flights to his own immediate business. He reprints his lists, and adds a little account, as far, we may suppose, as his inquiries have yet reached, of many of the persons spoken of. The document is evidently put forth on the Parliamentary side. It begins with "the Names of the Dukes, Marquesses, Earles, and Lords that have absented themselves from the Parliament, and are now with his Majesty." Then we have "A Copie of all the Cavaliers of his Majesties Marching Army," "as also, a list of the Army of his excellency, Robert Earl of Essex," and, besides, "a list of the Navie Royall and Merchant Ships," and "the Field Officers chosen for the Irish Expedition":—

Moreover, the Names of Orthodox Divines, presented by the Knights and Burgesses as fit persons to be consulted with by the Parliament touching the Reformation of Church Government and Liturgie.

At the time of these lists, the war was in its first stage. It had not developed to the point at which people thought of cutting off the King's head, or even to the point at which Cromwell began to say that, if he met the King in battle, he would as soon snap his pistol at him as at anybody else. We are still wholly in the region of legal fictions; we are under the dominion of that "traitorous position of bearing arms by the King's authority against his person." It is amusing to see the sort of shifts into which the Parliamentary party were driven at this time in their attempts to veil the manifest fact that they were fighting against their Sovereign. This comes out in the instructions given by the Parliament to their General the Earl of Essex. That the Earl was going to fight against the King is not acknowledged for a moment; he is not commissioned to "advance against his Majesty," but only to "advance towards" him. The object of levying the Parliamentary army is quite as much for "the defence of his Majesties person" as for that of Religion, of the laws and liberties of the Kingdom, or of the privileges of Parliament. Certain persons about the King—Bristol, Hyde, Falkland, Newcastle, and a few other such bad advisers of His Majesty, who have been declared traitors by

\* *The Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, containing the Names of the Officers in the Royal and Parliamentary Armies of 1642.* Edited by Edward Peacock, F.S.A. London: Hotten. 1864.



Parliament or have been impeached of treason—are to be apprehended by Lord Essex, and sent to the Parliament, "to receive condign punishment according to their offences." This seems perhaps a little premature when speaking of those who were as yet only impeached, and who might therefore prove their innocence. Smaller offenders were to receive an amnesty on submission. But that the King had any hand in their traitorous doings is not to be thought of for a moment. Lord Essex is to fight against "the army raised in his Majesty's name against the Parliament and Kingdom," and he is to "use his utmost endeavours by Battle or otherwise to rescue his Majesty's person, and the persons of the Prince, and Duke of York, out of the hands of those desperate persons who are now about them." He is still to "take an opportunity in some safe and honourable way, to cause the Petition of both Houses of Parliament herewith sent unto you, to be presented unto his Majesty, and if his Majesty shall please thereupon to withdraw himself from the forces now about him, and to resort to the Parliament, you shall cause all these forces to disband, and shall secure and defend his Majesty with a sufficient strength in his return." There is nothing new in all this, but this peculiar character of our Civil War strikes us every time we read anything bearing on it. No doubt it was in a sense hypocritical; that is, though men did not choose to acknowledge that they were fighting against the King, but only to rescue him out of the hands of desperate persons, yet they knew perfectly well that they were fighting against him, and that he in no way desired any rescue out of the hands of those desperate persons in whom he saw his own faithful and loyal adherents. But it was hypocritical only in the sense in which all legal and diplomatic fictions are hypocritical. It was only carrying to an extreme point the constitutional doctrine that the King can do no wrong. How far it was meant to justify themselves to themselves, and how far to justify them in the eyes of others, those who used it could probably not have very clearly explained. It is one of several characteristics which distinguish the Civil War of the seventeenth century from most revolutions earlier and later. Perhaps the chief source of this difference was that, unlike most other struggles of the kind, it was a struggle between the King and a Parliament legally sitting. In other cases, the popular cause, however righteous in itself, had not this great legal advantage. The name of the King on one side and of the Parliament on the other kept both armies from degenerating into mere insurrectionary bands, and gave the struggle much more of the character of regular warfare than is usual. The nearest parallels in earlier English history are where, Henry the Third and Henry the Sixth being in the hands of their enemies, the royal name could be used on behalf of a cause to which the King was personally opposed. Still the parallel is by no means close. Charles was not, like Henry the Third, in the hands of the popular leaders, but in the hands of those "desperate persons" from whom the Parliament wished to save him. In Henry's case the words of Lord Essex's commission would strictly apply to the exactly opposite objects of Edward at the Battle of Evesham.

A glance at the Parliamentary Army List would probably amaze many who see the whole Civil War only through popular Cavalier spectacles, by the very large number of noblemen, and others of the class who would count for noble anywhere but in England, who appear among the Parliamentary officers. No doubt the Peers on the King's side far outnumbered those on the side of the Parliament; still the Earls of Essex, Peterborough, Stamford, and Bedford, and the Lords Say, Wharton, Rochford, St. John, Brook, Mandeville, Roberts, Fielding, Willoughby, and plenty of Knights and untitled gentlemen, appear at the heads of regiments and in other prominent positions. Captain Cromwell appears at the head of a troop of horse, and his eldest son Oliver, who died or was killed during the war, appears as a cornet in Lord St. John's troop. In the same Lord St. John's regiment of foot we meet with a name which we should hardly have looked for—that of Lieutenant Theodore "Pahologus." This Mr. Peacock sets down as one of "the family of Paleologus of Landulph, co. Cornwall," whose Imperial descent Mr. Peacock seems to admit. We had fancied that it was not quite so certain; but it is just the sort of thing about which Mr. Peacock is likely to be well-informed. He goes more minutely into the pedigree of another worthy with an outlandish name, namely Dr. Dorislaus—as his name is spelled half a hundred ways, it is better to keep to the Latin form—but he does not seem to make out much more than that he had a father and two uncles, all of them Dutch ministers. As every one knows, he was murdered at the Hague, while ambassador there from the Parliament, by a band of Cavalier assassins. It may not be so generally known that their leader, Colonel Whitford, after the Restoration, received a pension for this "generous action." So Anthony Wood calls it, but it is hard to see how it could be justified, even on the extreme theory of tyrannicide.

#### MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR SICILY.\*

CONTINENTALS have long been wont to make themselves merry over the certainty with which an Englishman, under the most elaborate or outlandish disguise, is detected by the invisible "*l'ère rouge*" with the name of Murray on the back. If they

looked into that "*l'ère rouge*," and compared it with their own guide-books, they would find its contents a not less perfect reflection of the national character than its presence is a sure sign of the bearer's nationality. A foreign guide-book (we take Baedeker as the most familiar example) is written, if not for the poorer classes, at least for people to whom economical travelling is avowedly an object; and it is therefore careful, above all things, to state prices, and to put the tourist up to every art and contrivance by which a little money may be saved. Ours, on the contrary, presumes its readers to be able to pay their way easily everywhere. It seldom recommends any inn but the most imposing, or condescends to specify the gratuity which may suffice for a sacristan or a postilion. The idea which reigns throughout is that of comfort—at a fair price, if one can manage it, but, at all hazards, comfort. The very amplitude of its proportions marks it out as designed not so much for the knapsack or pocket of the pedestrian as for the substantial tourist who leans back in his carriage, or clings to the railway and steamboat routes. Besides this, its fulness of detail on every subject, its elaborate criticisms on churches and paintings, its descriptions of the scenery, its quotations from the poet of the spot (in nine cases out of ten, Byron), are all meant as so many aids to the thoroughgoing Englishman, who seems to have, in travelling, but one desire—that of "doing" every place he visits, of leaving no church-tower unclimbed, no dingy Madonna unadmired; so that, on returning home, he may feel he has had his money's worth out of the tour, and defy the acquaintance with whom he compares notes in the club smoking-room to triumph over him with that most aggravating of all condolences, "Ah! pity you didn't see that; it's the best thing in the place." The great characteristic, and indeed the great merit, of Mr. Murray's Handbooks is that their writers have observed—or let us rather say, have reached by sympathetic intuition—the nature of the average British tourist. Conceiving of him as a tough, much-enduring man, possessed by a notion of duty which he tries to obey, of sensibilities somewhat dull, and with little independent judgment in matters of art having no over-mastering tastes or predilections of any kind, but rather disposed to conform himself in all things to the standard of respectable moderation which the public opinion of his countrymen has erected for him—the authors of these Guides have set themselves to meet his wants, and have done so with a success which their long and increasing popularity sufficiently attests.

Of this series the Handbook to Sicily now lying before us is a good average member, better than some—than that of South Germany, for instance—not, perhaps, quite equal to others which might be named. It is not without surprise that we find that it is only now that Sicily has attained the honours of a handbook. Indeed, no country equally attractive and equally accessible seems to have received so little notice from travellers. Without having any single point of interest to be compared with some which Italy, Spain, or Greece can boast—any Florence, or Granada, or Athens—she has a variety of charms of her own not less exquisite than theirs, and nowhere else to be found in such perfect combination. The scenery is not only delightful in itself, but especially interesting to a Western traveller, as being more tropical, and at the same time more Oriental, than that of any other part of Europe. Fanned by a perpetual sea-breeze, the heat of the island is less oppressive than that of any other southern country, its air more balmy, its skies more softly bright. Nowhere are historical monuments so numerous and so varied—Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Byzantine, Saracen, Norman, Spanish—to be found crowded together in a space so narrow. Nowhere can volcanic phenomena be observed with so much ease on a scale so magnificent. Travelling, too, though it seems less safe now than it was four years ago, before the change of government had disturbed the country, is much safer and not more troublesome than in Southern Italy, or Spain, or Peloponnesus. Nevertheless, despite these attractions, Sicily is probably one of the least tourist-visited regions of Europe. Few of the thousands who pour into Rome and Naples cross the sea to Palermo or Messina; fewer still penetrate to Girgenti and Syracuse; while the almost total neglect of the interior of the island is attested and perpetuated by the badness of the inns and the want of carriage roads. With the advent of a better administration, and the consequent increase of trade, it may be hoped that these two great drawbacks to the pleasures of travelling will gradually disappear; in the meantime they are certainly serious, at least to the weak and the fastidious. No inns can be better than those of Palermo, Syracuse, and Catania, but out of these towns one cannot depend on a clean bed, and in the country districts must expect no food but eggs and bread. The want of carriage roads, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger cities, obliges all, except robust pedestrians in the coolest season, to submit to travel on mule-back, the most tedious and worrying of all possible modes of locomotion. The tour of the island, giving time sufficient to see all that is best worth seeing, can, it seems, be made in about five weeks, and is best made in April and May, before the summer heats begin, and when there is no longer any risk of being stopped by rain-swollen torrents. Bridges, as may be expected, are seldom to be met with.

Besides its picturesque beauty and its delightful climate, Sicily has three great points of attraction for three different classes of persons—its Greek antiquities on the south coast; its architectural monuments of the Saracenic and Norman periods, chiefly in and around Palermo and Messina; and the unrivalled display of geological phenomena in Etna. The first of these three is in

\* A Handbook for Travellers in Sicily; including Palermo, Messina, Catania, Syracuse, Etna, and the Ruins of the Greek Temples. With Map and Plans. London: John Murray. 1864.

every way unique. Continental Greece had no city so vast as Syracuse, nor can she now show any relics of her former splendour so imposing as the ruins of Selinus and Akragas. The temples at both cities belong to the earlier periods of Greek art—some dating as far back as the seventh, none apparently later than the fifth, century B.C.—and witness to a prosperity and energy among these early Sicilian colonies which it would not be easy to parallel in the history of any other country. Of the luxurious splendour of Akragas we have indeed testimonies enough, yet even she was never more than the second of Sicilian cities. But there is nothing in the recorded history of Selinus to prepare one for the stupendous remains of so many temples, evidences of wealth and devotion more surprising, when we consider the size of the city which raised them, than any of the monasteries or cathedrals of the middle ages. In the ruins of these two cities—cities of whose internal political life we have scarcely a notice in any extant writer—we see that justness of design and delicacy of taste which characterize all Greek buildings, combined with a vastness of scale that might pass for Oriental or Roman. The account given in the Handbook of these works leaves little to be desired in the way of fulness or precision, and will be hardly less useful to the scholar who reads it at home than to the tourist for whom it has been written.

With the treatment which the mediæval buildings receive we cannot profess ourselves equally satisfied. An almost over-minute description is given of every church, palace, and fortress by itself, but no serious attempt is made to present a connected and systematic account of the architecture of the island as a whole, and of the historical changes which that architecture commemorates. No country in Europe has had so changeable a history as Sicily, and none has now a population mixed from so many different elements. In his sketch of the early history of the island, Thucydides acknowledges four different races as settled in it before the arrival of the Greek colonists. Five centuries after the first Hellenic settlements, by which, in course of time, the primitive populations were so wholly overmastered that even their language disappeared, the Roman conquest brought a new influx of strangers in its train, and at length once more changed the language. Reconquered from the Goths by Belisarius, after the fall of the Western Empire, Sicily obeyed the Byzantine sovereigns till the arrival of the Saracens in the ninth century of our era. The Mohammedan dynasties held it for more than two hundred years, only to be in their turn dispossessed by the Normans of Naples, who, though they came in small numbers, found it easy to establish a firm monarchy, introduced their own feudal institutions, and left, by the vigorous energy of their character, an impress more marked than that made by any subsequent invader. When the Norman line ended in 1189, Sicily passed first to the Swabian Emperors, then to Charles of Anjou, then, after the massacre of the Vespers, to the house of Aragon, last of all to the Spanish Bourbons whom we have seen ejected by Garibaldi. Ruled by so many successive masters, and retaining traces more or less distinct of the dominion of all of them, Sicily is perhaps the best example that can be adduced of the value—indeed, the necessity—of never separating the study of a country's architecture from that of its history. Of peculiar interest in this aspect are those buildings, in the cities along the northern coast, in which the Saracenic, Norman, and Byzantine styles are blent in a manner of which no instances can be found elsewhere. This mixture is best seen in the great cathedral of Monreale, near Palermo, from the description of which the following extract is taken:—

This cathedral, which stands near the entrance of the town on the brow overlooking the hill, is unquestionably the most beautiful and elaborately decorated temple that the Romans erected in Sicily, and the most splendid monument of that peculiar style or mixture of styles produced by the employment of Byzantine, Saracenic, Italian, and Norman workmen. It is on a scale not inferior to the cathedrals erected by the Norman kings in France or England, being externally 313 feet in length and 124 in breadth. In plan it is a Latin cross, having three apses, no central tower or cupola, but two square towers at the west end. . . . "There is," says Mr. Fergusson, "scarcely one single form or detail in the whole building which can be called Gothic, or which points to any connexion with northern arts or races. The plan is that of a Roman basilica far more than of a Gothic church. No vault was ever built or intended. The central is divided from the side aisles by pillars of a single stone, generally borrowed from ancient temples, and, in this instance at least, with capitals of great beauty, suited to their form, and to the load they have to support. The pier arches are pointed, but not Gothic, having no successive planes of decoration, but merely square masses of masonry, stilted arches of equally simple form. The windows, too, though pointed, are undivided, and evidently never meant for painted glass. The roof of the nave is of open framing, like those of the basilicas, ornamented in Saracenic taste. The aisles, the intersection of the transepts and nave, and the first division of the sanctuary are richer, and consequently more truly Moorish. The apse, again, is Moorish. Taken altogether, it is only the accident of the pointed arch having been borrowed from the Moors that has led to the idea of a Gothic feeling existing in these edifices. It does at Messina and Cefalù, but here is almost wholly wanting. . . . It is evident that all the architectural features in the building were subordinate in the eyes of the builders to the mosaic decorations which cover every part of the interior, and are, in fact, the glory and the pride of the edifice, and alone entitle it to rank among the noblest of mediæval churches. All the principal personages of the Bible are here represented in the stiff but grand style of Greek art, sometimes with Greek inscriptions, and accompanied by scenes illustrating the Old and New Testaments. They are separated and intermixed with arabesques and ornaments in colour and gold, making up a decoration unrivalled in its class by anything the middle ages have produced. No specimen of opaque painting of its class, on this side of the Alps, can compare in any way with this Sicilian cathedral. Perhaps the painted glass of some of our cathedrals may have surpassed it, but that has gone. In this respect the mosaic has the advantage."

We are far from desiring more detailed descriptions of this and similar buildings than those which are to be found here, nor do we deny that most of what is important in the history of the island is related in one part of the book or another. But, as it is given in scraps and fragments, the tourist who has not a considerable knowledge of Sicilian history to begin with is almost sure to get puzzled and confused by the notices he reads and the buildings he sees, and will lose a great deal of the pleasure and instruction which he might otherwise have gained. It would therefore be advisable, in the next edition of this Handbook, to substitute a consecutive historical sketch for the chronological tables contained in the Introduction. It cannot much benefit any one to be told the names of all the Spanish and Italian viceroys from whose misrule Sicily has suffered; but every traveller must wish to know something of the sources from which the population he sees has come, and, in gazing on the harbour of Syracuse and the so often beleaguered citadel of Messina, he will gladly be enabled to call up to his mind the political revolutions which have passed over them, from the days of Gelon and Anaxilas down to those of Nelson and Garibaldi.

With regard to the last of the three great points of interest in Sicily—Etna and its geology—we have a somewhat similar complaint to make. A great deal of valuable information relating to the mountain has been collected and set forth with some skill. Copious extracts from Sir Charles Lyell are given, and a complete list of the recorded eruptions is accompanied by an account of the more remarkable phenomena which signalized each. This is as much as can be expected from any editor who is not a professed man of science. But this is not enough. The right plan would be to get some competent geologist to draw up a concise general account of the volcano, and its relation to the strata around it—an account which might be profitably studied before approaching Etna at all, and might make an intelligent traveller able to understand and observe for himself. As it is, though quite enough is said about the mountain, it is so scattered up and down that it is necessary to bring many passages together to get a connected notion, and even then one has but a doubtful success. In spite of this fault, the description of Etna is full of interest, and we regret that space forbids us to do more here than quote one passage of it, taken from a diary kept by Mr. Gladstone during a tour in the island, and by him placed at the editor's disposal. His account of the ascent of Etna, just at the beginning of the eruption of 1838, is vivid throughout, but the following analysis of Virgil's description of an eruption will be to many readers the most interesting part. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is always good on matters of scholarship, partly perhaps for the very reasons which make technical scholars apt to complain of him. His Homeric speculations were sometimes fanciful, but there was a freshness in them, a keenness of interest, a width of sympathy, which the technical scholar seldom has, or, if he has it, nearly always loses:—

"We enjoyed keenly our full clear sight of the volcanic action, and even at the moment I could not help being struck with the remarkable accuracy of Virgil's account. The great features of this action are the sharp and loud clap which perceptibly shook from time to time the ground of the mountain under our feet; the sheet of flame which leapt up with a sudden momentary blast, and soon disappeared in smoke; then the showers of red-hot stones and lava. These showers were most copious, and often came in the most rapid succession. Even while we were ascending the exterior of the cone we saw them alighting on its slope, and sometimes bounding down with immense rapidity within perhaps some thirty or forty yards of our rickety footing on the mountain side. They dispersed like the sparks of a rocket; the larger ones ascended as it were with deliberation, and descended first with speed and then with fury. Now they passed even over our heads, and we could pick up some newly fallen and almost intolerably hot. Lastly, there was the black grey column, which seemed smoke, and was really ash, and which was shot from time to time out of the very bowels of the crater, far above its edge, in regular unbroken form. It was on account of this that, in ascending, the guide said, "Do not look towards the sky, or your eyes will be filled with sand." Now how faithfully has Virgil (*Æn.* iii. 571 *sqq.*) comprised these particulars, doubtless not without exaggeration, in his fine description. First, the thunderclap or crack:—

"Horridificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis."

Secondly, the vibration of the ground to the report:—

"Et fessum quoties mutet latus, intremere omnem  
Murmure Trinacrium"

Thirdly, the sheet of flame:—

"Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit."

Fourthly, the smoke:—

"Et cælum subtexere fumo."

Fifthly, the fire-shower:—

"Scopulos avulsaque viscera montis  
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras  
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exastuat imo."

Sixthly, the column of ash:—

"Atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem  
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla."

And this is within the limits of twelve lines. Modern poetry has its merits, but the conveyance of information is not, generally speaking, one of them. What would Virgil have thought of authors' publishing poems with explanatory notes (to illustrate is a different matter), as if they were so many books of conundrums?

One gets so familiar with the vague extravagances of rhetoric which most descriptive poems on such a topic give us that delicacy like this is apt to pass unnoticed, as indeed, in Virgil, it has passed unnoticed by most of his commentators. Yet it would be easy to show, and that by examples more striking than the one just quoted, that no poet deserves such minute examination better



than Virgil, for none observes nature more carefully and more lovingly.

The accuracy, for practical purposes, of a Handbook like this can be tested only by one who travels with it, and on this point, therefore, we speak with reserve. But there is a general air of carefulness and good sense about it; the descriptions are precise, the style is agreeable, the historical information is usually correct. One or two trifling slips we have noted; and it is not without amusement that we are told how Minos, pursuing Dædalus, landed on such and such a spot, and how "Homer, though he brings his hero Ulysses to the foot of the mountain, says not a word of it nor of its eruptions." It can hardly have been from Mr. Grote, who is so often quoted in the volume, that this view of Minos, as an historical personage, is taken. As a book to carry about, the Handbook seems to us too full in its details and too large altogether, nearly half of it consisting of remarks which the traveller might be left to make for himself. But this is the character of all Mr. Murray's Handbooks—partly due, as was remarked above, to the desire of the Englishman to be told all he should see and think; partly, also, to the wish to produce a book which may be a sort of repertory of topographical information, useful to others as well as to the tourist. This is an excellent object in itself, and some of the Handbooks attain it to admiration; but for the sake of pedestrian travellers Mr. Murray would do well to publish (as he has done in one or two cases already) an abridged edition, containing nothing but what is absolutely necessary—a Handbook, in fact, on the model of Baedeker.

#### THÉÂTRE DE NOHANT.\*

PROBABLY no writer but George Sand could invest so unpretending a work as these "stories in dialogue" with so abiding a charm. Written at various times for amateur representation at her country-house, among a circle of intimate friends, they exhibit that mastery of the picturesque and that exquisite purity of style which distinguish her greater efforts. In giving to the world these dramatized sketches, the authoress is careful to disclaim any intention of writing for the stage. But she avows an artistic purpose in their composition which ought to commend itself to the attention of all who take an interest in the prospects of the theatrical art. What Art at large, she says, would gain by this particular experiment, supposing it were repeated in various quarters, is the taste which the public might acquire, in detail, for a sort of cabinet drama, on which the greatest pains and study should be bestowed, and in which certain developments of ideas, entrusted to artists of refinement in the presence of a choice audience, should arrest the attention and charm the mind, the heart, or the imagination, without the aid of machinery and effects of the most powerful kind. Grand machinery and grand effects will be always indispensable to great theatres, and the chief anxiety now-a-days is to make them suitable for the reception of vast numbers, and the production of illusions on a grand scale. This is all very well, but, at the same time, one would like to see the preservation, and even the erection, of numerous small theatres, which should rival them in producing pieces of all kinds, but which should keep up the traditions of exquisitely-finished art. The larger we make our stage the further back will the spectators be forced, and the more shall we lose the effect which truth should produce. Ingenious mechanism may be introduced, but the author, as well as his interpreters—forced to act upon a number, and from a distance—will be driven to renounce their true individual means for creating an impression, and to have recourse to expedients borrowed from a vulgar common stock or of noxious tendency. More and more stress will be laid on each word, situation, effect, physiognomy, gesture, and voice penetrating to the extremity of a vast enclosure; but in presence of this necessity—which will bring us perhaps to the mask, and speaking-trumpet, and stilts of the Athenian stage—the delicate sentiment of things, the individual genius of the actor, his natural grace or charm, will necessarily become useless qualities. Already voices cannot stand the strain of grand opera; already, on our great stages, the play of the actor has unavoidably become too conventional to give the same satisfaction close at hand that it gives at a distance. "Rachel—Rachel herself—breaking the last chords of her admirable organ to stir every wave of her public, was, when seen behind the curtain, the victim of epilepsy. Mlle. Déjazet, that marvel of finesse, lasts, and will go on lasting, because she has always had the advantage of being seen and heard near at hand. The true individualities, then, require the small Greek temple, and are lost in the vast Byzantine circus."

It is refreshing to read this eloquent protest against two influences which have done so much to vitiate the drama, and divert it from its proper objects—namely, the rage for mere bigness, and the passion for elaborate scenic accessories as a substitute for artistic finish in the acting. No one who has seen Mr. Phelps perform Justice Shallow at Sadler's Wells, and compared the effect produced by that exquisite piece of miniature painting with the effect which the same performance produces on the spacious boards of Old Drury, can doubt the truth of George Sand's strictures. The tendency of large theatres is to reduce all acting to a dead level of mediocrity. Oppressed by a sense of surrounding vastness and of his own personal insignificance, the most painstaking actor cannot

fail to feel his efforts damped, and however conscientiously he may struggle against physical impossibilities, they conquer him in the end. Actors have no more taste than other people for wasting their sweetness on the desert air. The consciousness that not a tithe of their audience will be able to appreciate the nicest points and the most delicate touches of an impersonation too often drives them to take refuge in rant or mannerism—the bane of the modern stage. Transfer Mr. Charles Mathews to the boards of one of our "grand lyric temples," and the subtle individuality of his performance would be almost wholly lost. Vivacity like his would not be proof against such an ordeal. Even if the actor could go through his part with the same verve under conditions so unfavourable, it will be utterly impossible for the audience to appreciate those niceties of by-play, gesture, and facial expression which indicate the genuine artist.

Another purpose which the authoress has in view is to encourage the taste for amateur theatricals. Three out of the five little pieces in this series contain four characters only, and it would be difficult to find any better adapted for drawing-room representation. George Sand points out in a brief preface how much interest of an intellectual kind may be created by this amusement. It took the form, in her own circle at Nohant, of discussions as to the proper way of rendering the parts:—

We amused ourselves [she says] by asking the actors beforehand how the dialogue entrusted to them was to be given, and upon this conception of the part, the simplest being, in our view, invariably the best, we used to point out in detail the arguments and the contradictions, the intentions and the sudden changes, the efforts and the spontaneities, which seemed to us to be in keeping with their sentiments and their characters. It was a work of analysis which pleased them, and as they were free to develop our suggestions, we often saw them elaborate their rôle with rare intelligence, finding in their free study of it, and even in the warmth of improvisation, accents of more striking truth, or gleams of most ingenious appreciation.

The growing taste in society for private theatricals might be cultivated to some purpose, and with excellent results, if it were tempered with rather more real love of art. We do not wish to see a pleasure converted into a toil, and still less do we assume that the delightful evenings and choice performances of Nohant could be extensively reproduced. But it is quite possible to give this kind of entertainment a more refined and intellectual tone than the stock farce or burlesque is ever likely to impart. Our drawing-rooms at least ought to be secure from those exhibitions of drivelling inanity which now-a-days, thanks to lively young women with pink legs and pet names, pass muster, on the stage, as wit.

French dramatic writers have long been in possession of a class of subjects which, from their nature, would more properly belong to the region of narrative. They are fond of giving the form of comedy to what is in essence a novel. Their method is to take some one sentiment and exhibit it, as it were, under a magnifying glass. Certain situations of the inner life, or certain individual emotions, are more easily depicted by dialogue than by narrative, and without exceeding the limits of a novel, one sometimes feels the want to give them the form of a conversation between a small number of characters. A literary operation of this kind requires great firmness, as well as delicacy of touch; and these are precisely the characteristics of George Sand. The prettiest of these little dramas, as well as the one which exhibits in the greatest perfection the particular treatment which we describe, is that which bears the title of *Le Pavé*. An old bachelor geologist, whose life is spent in pottering over flints, insensibly falls in love with his servant maid Louise. Being an orphan whom he has generously befriended, the girl is willing to make any sacrifice to secure her master's happiness. But she loves another—her fellow-servant, Jean Coqueret. Too late for his peace of mind, poor M. Durand makes this discovery. Honest Jean, growing jealous of his master, owns his love, and asks for leave to marry. M. Durand is terribly upset by the disclosure, but ultimately gives the required consent, and accepts a bride of more equal station from the hands of an officious neighbour. The whole interest centres in the conflict between passion and dignity—between his absorbing love for the little protégée, who has crept into his heart by her care of his specimens and her aptitude for mineralogy, and the instinctive shrinking from appearing in the degrading position of a rival of his own servant. This is a species of internal conflict for which French authors cherish a peculiar fondness. They like to bring some strong unadulterated passion of the natural man into direct antagonism with some social scruple or artificial restraint, and to give the victory to the latter. There is a moment when M. Durand is half-inclined to play the tyrant, and secure Louise for himself. He dismisses Jean from his service, but still on a pretext consistent with his own dignity. But better thoughts prevail, and when Louise comes to intercede for her lover, she finds her task an easy one. M. Durand affects to be absorbed in study, listens to her with an air of indifference, and, without a trace of emotion, consents to receive back Jean, if she is willing to forgive the young man for having misrepresented her. He even goes so far as to hint that, under the circumstances of his impending marriage, it would be more convenient that his two domestics should marry—a suggestion of which they are prompt to avail themselves. The neighbour with the available niece comes in to carry him off to meet his bride at dinner, when the following colloquy ensues:—

"Est-ce que vous n'êtes pas bien? Je vous trouve la figure allongée depuis ce matin."

"C'est possible. J'ai éprouvé une grande secousse."

"Quoi donc? un accident?"

\* *Théâtre de Nohant*. Par George Sand. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1864.

"Où, un pavé . . ."  
 "Ah ! vous pensez toujours à vos gryphées, à vos gibbosités ?"  
 "Non ! c'est un autre pavé, qui, en parlant par métaphore, m'est tombé sur la tête, un pavé bien lourd, et qui m'a surpris dans mon rêve de bonheur égoïste ! Mais vous aviez raison, mon ami, les rêves nous égarent, et il faut quelquefois faire comme tout le monde. Les gens les plus simples en savent quelquefois plus long sur la morale du cœur et les délicatesses de la conscience que les plus orgueilleux savants."

There is usually a fantastic element in the writings of George Sand; and, although she disclaims in this volume any affectation of local colouring, in *Le Drac* a Provençal superstition is reproduced in a very picturesque form. The *Drac*, according to the seaside legend, is a goblin possessing the power of personating a human being, and perplexing the simple minds of seafaring men by means of a double. In the story before us, a wild young sailor has parted in anger from his sweetheart and her father. After years of absence, during which he has not only retrieved his good name, but acquired distinction in the wars, he returns to sue for pardon, and lay his honours at the feet of his mistress. Unluckily, the *Drac* has seen and become enamoured of Francine, and, by means of a spectral Bernard, plays all sorts of malicious pranks, with a view to estrange the lovers. But the machinations of the sprite are defeated, in the end, by the simple faith and prayers of the maiden, and he vanishes in the mist and foam, murmuring a blessing upon her. *La Nuit de Noël* exhibits the same sympathy for the weird and supernatural. It is an attempt to imitate the manner of Hoffmann. *Péregrius Tyss* is the embodiment of dreamy German sentiment, hugging the memories of the past, full of gentleness and childlike simplicity. Max is the Mephistophelean friend, who mocks at everything, and believes in nothing. Every Christmas eve, *Péregrius* dresses up a Christmas tree in memory of his old godfather, a clock-maker of Frankfort, the secrets of whose trade he had inherited. The sceptical Max has no patience with his friend's folly, and tries to prevent it by tossing out of window the basket of *bambons* and playthings with which the branches were to have been decorated. But the loss is supplied by aid of the faithful attendant Nanny, and the tree is lighted at midnight. Max is punished for his pride of intellect by a temporary fit of aberration. He mistakes a secret for repairing the cathedral clock, which old *Rosmayeur* had bequeathed to his godson, for the secret of perpetual motion, in the vain search for which he has exhausted science; and, believing it to be lodged in the brain of his friend, he argues that it will be easy to transfer it to his own by cracking open his friend's skull. Just as he is about to strike the blow, the yule log sputters, and darts from the hearth against Max, who drops the hammer. *Péregrius* is saved, to wed Nanny; and Max recovers his senses, to share in his friend's happiness.

*Le Dieu Plutus*, and *Marielle*, the two remaining dialogues in this series, appear to us the least in keeping with the purpose which the authoress enunciates. They are efforts of a more ambitious kind, and are not limited to four characters. The first is described as "a study after the manner of the ancient drama." It is an attempt to reproduce the philosophy, without the pungent satire, of Aristophanes, and, as might be imagined, the attempt to exhibit the serious side of a great comic poet is edifying rather than amusing. In *Marielle* we are introduced to a character which is evidently intended to approach the sublime. The head of a troop of Italian comedians, following in the wake of Cardinal Mazarin, he is at once the most consummate of artists and the most large-hearted and chivalrous of men. By the machinations of a villainous factotum in the company, he is induced to believe that his young wife has fled with his adopted son Fabio, and though the mystery is eventually cleared up, the shock kills him. The thread of interest in this "comedy," as it is entitled, is of the slightest, but the character of *Marielle* is skilfully elaborated, and is evidently a favourite conception of the authoress. It exhibits that unconscious nobility and natural tenderness in which the firm faith of George Sand in human nature may be detected. And much of her philosophy, too, is included in the following words, which she places in her hero's mouth:—

On les injurie, on les traite d'ineptes et d'incapables ceux qui ne savent qu'aimer ! Comme si ce n'était point tout ! comme si ceux qui n'ont point d'autre science et d'autre mérite devant toi, ô mon Dieu ! n'étaient pas les premiers dans le ciel, à ta droite.

#### NORGATE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.\*

IF those who have been at a public school remember the sort of construing that carried a boy to about the head of the fourth form, and wish to freshen up the recollection, they cannot do better than read this translation. To others we can only say, it is paralleled by dancing in wooden shoes, or by looking at a piece of tapestry from the reverse side. By a minute insisting on the force of single words the general effect is entirely sacrificed. So far as the present work differs from an ordinary English prose version, it differs for the worse for every purpose, save one, which a version can further. What that one purpose is we will not divulge, as we do not wish to throw incentives to idleness in the way of the fourth form. The fifth and sixth will probably guess our meaning, and may be presumed to be above the level of the snare.

There has been lately a glut of translations of the "Odyssey." Our columns had recently contained two notices

\* *Homer. The "Odyssey" reproduced in Dramatic Blank Verse. By T. S. Norgate. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.*

of different translations when this came to hand; and, partly from this circumstance—partly from the book being, to those who are familiar with the original, rather a repulsive one to read—it has escaped notice hitherto. Yet, to produce this disagreeable result, a great deal of conscientious industry—alas, that it should be so!—appears to have been devoted. It seems to us to be the work of a young hand, and our chief feeling is one of regret that some one whose judgment is not yet matured, and who probably has a passion for Homer, which we can easily excuse, should be without a judicious friend to put this sort of thing in the fire when written.

We will give a specimen of the better sort. The passage is from Book xiii. 81 foll. :—

The ship meanwhile,  
 As 'twere a four-horse chariot team of stallions  
 Upon a level plain; harnessed together,  
 Together all urged on by stroke of whip,  
 Bounding with lofty pace, they tear along  
 And swiftly achieve their course; e'en so, curvetting,  
 Uplifted was her stern, while from behind  
 Rushed the far-sounding sea's big purple wave.  
 And sure she ran with steadiness unflinching:  
 With her might never a circling hawk keep pace  
 Nimblest of winged fowls; so cleft she swiftly  
 The billows of the sea, and ran along.

We take another simply descriptive passage of a presentable kind from Book ix. 102 foll. :—

They embarked at once  
 And ranged in order, seated on the thwarts,  
 With measured oars they smote the surly sea.  
 Thence onward kept we sailing, sad at heart:  
 And reached the land of the Cyclops; huge of stature  
 And ignorant of all fixed laws are they;  
 And fully trusting in the deathless gods  
 They never take in hand to plant a tree  
 Or plough their land; but without seed or tillage  
 Grow freely all such plants as these—wheat, barley,  
 And fruitful vines that yield abundantly  
 Wine from their heavy grapes, and showers from Zeus  
 Give them large increase. No established laws  
 Nor state-assemblies have they; but they dwell  
 In hollow caves among high mountain-peaks:  
 And each to his wives and children lays down law  
 Of his own will: nor care they one for other.  
 Outside the harbour of the Cyclops' land  
 Lies stretched, not very near, nor yet far off,  
 A narrow woody isle; wherein are bred  
 Wild goats innumerable; for no footing  
 Or path of men restrains them; nor with dogs  
 Do hunters ever enter it to endure  
 Toll through the woods or o'er the mountain-tops  
 In chase of game.

These, and such like passages, represent the highest mark which the translator has, in our opinion, reached, and we think that in these he may go so far as to say with Horace:—

Vitavi denique culpam,  
 Non laudem merui.

It seems an invidious, and certainly is an ungrateful, task to cull specimens where we cannot by any palliating phrase qualify our condemnation. And the worst of it is that selection is hardly required. They come plentifully to hand; most abundantly, however, in the passages of dialogue which form so large an element in the staple of the original, and which entitle us to trace to Homer the direct paternity of the Attic stage—not, of course, in historical fact, but in idea, and potentially. The numerous graceful fixed phrases by which the alternation of Homeric dialogue is marked are a constant source of embarrassment to a translator. Such are the lines perpetually recurring, *mutatis mutandis*, to suit the persons:—

ὣς ἔφατ', ἀνὰρ ἰὼν μιν ἀμείβετο ποσειδάων,  
 ὣς ἰσάμην, ἦ δ' ἀντίε' ἀμείβετο δία θεῶν,

which sound intolerably flat and feeble when rendered by such would-be precise equivalents as—

She spake, and I,  
 I answered her, and said—

The Homeric reader will observe that "I, I" represents the fact that *ἰὼ* is expressed in the Greek. Nor is the matter much mended by the slight variations which the translator has introduced the next time that they recur *verbatim* in the Greek:—

She spake:  
 Whereat I answered her.  
 I spake: whereat forthwith  
 The fair of goddesses she answered me.

Such instances of harshness are inseparable from an attempt to render a poet literally, and our translator seems to have set before himself the idea of a literal translation which should convey the author's sense uninjured, and yet should preserve the poetic graces of its diction and metre. We do not find fault with the idea, as such, but the exigencies of language render its realization impossible, and every translation involves a compromise between these incompatible objects. What we blame is the hankering after literal forms of expression in which the sense of the original is not adequately reached, while all perception of poetic diction is lost. And in the *sense* we include the *force*—i.e. not the absolute, but the relative, meaning of the words. Indeed the translator does not seem to feel duly the truth that the power of one language often ranges far beyond that of another; and that where this is so—as it is in the case of Greek, as compared not only with English, but with most other languages—attempts at precise rendering are nearly certain, in many instances, to fail by including



too much or too little. The conditions of exchange at par are especially arduous between one language which is richly, and another which is most scantily, inflected. The power which inflexion gives, to impart conciseness by the ellipse of whatever may be understood, cannot be even approached in a language which has not the same resources at command. The means of ready enrichment of diction, and at the same time concentration of thought, which a facility in yielding compound words imparts to a master of the language, affords in poetry an affluence of expression which is sure to baffle hopelessly the aspirations of the imitator in a less-gifted tongue. But, besides these more obvious advantages, the Greek language boasts a singular wealth of little words in which our own is most deficient—namely, the particles. These modify the tone of a thought to the nicest possible shade, and leave us impressed with a sense of finish in expression which fulfils the ideal of language, but of which it is impossible to execute a copy in coarser material. These little words are to the sense as the accents are, or rather were, to the sound. They run from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo* along the whole range of feeling, and mark those nice gradations which we of course recognise, but which the clumsy thumping expedients, such as “forsooth,” “indeed,” and the like, with which the English language furnishes us, can only obscure by attempting to reproduce. Such a play of light and shade along a sentence is spoil and blurred by the lumpy and coarse daubing to which such an attempt at translation subjects it. We do not, of course, lay on Mr. Norgate the responsibility for the English language being what it is; but we hold him liable for attempting to render Greek, especially Greek poetry, in a way which puts on English a strain which it is unable to bear, turns its worst side perpetually outward, and makes the stress of meaning bear most heavily on its weakest parts.

Indeed, we have found almost universally in this translation, that wherever the eye is met by an uncouth or irredeemably feeble expression, there is a yearning after some peculiar power in the original which English probably cannot literally convey. How should a translator act? it may be asked. No direct solution of the difficulty can be given; it cannot be met directly. Certainly, to pump and strain for a literal equivalent is the surest way of all to defeat the translator's purpose. It can only be met to a limited extent by such resources of ingenuity in the use of terms as are irreducible to rule. Hints and indications alone can be given. If you cannot render a word or phrase in solid bulk, try to let it be held as it were in solution. If this be impossible, try to let the version convey, at any rate, its atmosphere, and be animated by its tone. Our translator in the present instance is ever trying to drive a hard bargain with the genius of the English language for the sense of the Greek. He is so anxious that this should be saved in the letter—that he should be able to show, stroke for stroke, that his copy is faithful—that he sacrifices all which makes up the spirit and essence of poetic thought, and his translation remains a dead, inanimate, and merely material version. We must, however, in justification of our censures, extract a few more of the crotchets with which the work bristles. Take any page; we open on 252, where—book xii. 65 foll.—is the passage before us. We read there—

But the ships' planks and *bodies of their men*  
Are *all at once* borne off by surfy breakers.

Now, in this, surely the article "the" before "bodies" is indispensable, and without it a probable sense is that of "*bodies of men*," as meaning *assemblages*: whilst, in the next line, the phrase "all at once" imparts an air of suddenness which, although not alien to the sense of the passage, is certainly not in the original. Of course the Homeric scholar will recognise in the first of these phrases the idiomatic *σύνταρα παρών* attempted literally, and, in the latter, the "all at once" is an over-strong rendering of *ἑκτον*; but how will it be with the reader who has no Homeric recollections to guide him? On the same page, a little lower down, we read—

So smooth,  
So polished, *as it were*, is all that rock :

where the feeble phrase which cumbers the middle of the line arises from a conscientious repugnance to omitting some literal equivalent for *cicuta* in the verse

πέτρῃ γὰρ λίς ἐστι, περιζήτην εἰκὺν.

A little below, on the same page, we are told that

Within dwells Scylla, whining awfully,

which of course stands with forlorn fidelity for *δεινὸν λαλῶντα*; and, we believe, three pages in every four would furnish similar examples in at least an equal proportion. About the rhythm or the scansion Mr. Norgate would seem to be not particular. Thus we find, p. 64.—

Astonishment takes hold on me at the sight.

An inkling of this talk howe'er had the king

On page 116:—

Through the painsome night I fear the chilly rime,

which, if it be anything metrical, is surely trochaic. And here is another equally abnormal on p. 260:—

To avoid the isle of the mortal-gladdening Eclios.

And a score of similar instances might easily be found in half as many minutes.

We have neither space nor inclination to pursue and expose the singularly nodose contortions of language with which Mr. Nougat favours us in construction. Such phrases as "Tell thee wilt I," "Least thy brother . . . should bethink him of a *furious might* (ζαφειρός δαίτης)," "Wishing are they to go to the dancing round," and many others, have an air of grotesqueness which reminds us of some of the extreme forms of Præ-Raffaellite painting. In fact, by no one word perhaps could we so adequately describe the impression which this work has left upon us. It is a Præ-Raffaellite translation of the "Odyssey."

### THE GIPSIES OF THE DANES' DYKE.\*

WE opened this volume with the full expectation of finding a cheery, readable account of the Danes' Dyke, Flamborough Head and its caves, the Flamborough fishermen—a race *sui generis*, and possessing not a few marked peculiarities—with something also, perhaps, about the Yorkshire wolds and their people, a snatch or two of the curious old semi-historic legend of the country, and a sketch of the gipsies that are occasionally met with in those parts, though not so commonly as to make them, in fairness, the *pièce de résistance* of a Yorkshire coast story. There were ample materials at hand, in scenery, history, language, and manners, and it is almost a wonder that nothing has hitherto been made of them. We were very speedily undeceived. Odd phraseology, such as “York city,” “servant-man,” “wash-woman,” my friends have almost concluded to shut me out of their drawing-rooms—with a plentiful sprinkling of labor, neighbor, honor, color, &c.—gave one a notion, which the very inferior type and paper of the book confirmed, that the volume was not of the English origin that the title-page seemed to indicate. In due time we came to Hard-shell Baptists, Shakers, and the like, as sorts of Christians with which the author is familiar. Sentences like “Shepherd Smith, as he is called in England, or, to give him his proper style and name, the Rev. W. E. Smith, so long editor of the *Family Herald*, whose leading articles,” &c. &c., are redolent of Transatlantic puffery; and when we are gravely told that “the usual and average price for dinner (at a commercial inn) is two English shillings, equal to half a dollar,” we emerge into broad daylight. We are now no longer surprised to find at the end of the volume the notice, “Cambridge: stereotyped and printed by Welch, Bigelow and Co.” (the firm, we need hardly say, is unknown at Cambridge in England), and to observe, on close inspection, that the English title-page seems to be pasted into the volume in lieu of another which has disappeared. In a word, all is explained by the fact that the thing is a Yankee venture, a number of copies having been sent over to England to try their luck under the name of a respectable London firm.

Mr. George S. Phillips, or Mr. January Searle, or Mr. Percy—for the names of the author and the hero are used indiscriminately, and the personal pronoun applied to them equally throughout—was some ten years ago in "connexion with a great literary association in Yorkshire, the lectureship of which he had once the honour to hold." In this capacity he undertook to "throw a chain of libraries, reading-rooms, and schools for grown-up people in the dales of Yorkshire, and between York city and the seaboard eastward." We take this magniloquent, if not entirely grammatical, flourish to intimate that he was employed by the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, one of the few successful attempts that have been made to turn those somewhat mouldy institutions to account. In pursuance of his vocation as educational bagman, he seems to have visited Burlington, where apparently he did not remain long enough to discover that the popular abbreviation of the name is not Bridlington, but Bolliton. Thence he made (as most people do) an excursion or two to Flamborough, of which, and of the Danes' Dyke, his knowledge is about what might be acquired in the course of an afternoon. We are expected, however, to believe that the inhabitants of this singular place became, after a day or two's acquaintance with the "Leeds Bookman," so frantic in their enthusiasm on behalf of potbooks and A B C as to get up a small riot on the occasion in what he oddly calls the Methodyke school-room. He varies his literary labours with a good deal of out-door life in a gipsy-camp, allured thereunto by a "tawnie" girl who possesses "a bust of gorgeous development," and talks the *patois* with which the readers of Mr. Borrow are familiar, freely mixed with some uncommonly magniloquent Yankee. With this young lady he amuses himself after a manner not entirely suitable for quotation, until he is made violent love to by a white girl with 1,800*l.* a year and some very queer relations. Of course, "the fates" make him marry the second; and the gipsy belief in fate is made to reconcile the "tawnie" to some inexplicable form of death in order to the furtherance of the scheme, her ghost solacing itself with some sort of ventriloquism at the wedding, which must have been rather trying to the nerves of the surviving bride. The author knows enough of gipsies to be aware of their contempt for pot-folk—i. e. the imitation-gipsies who go about in carts selling crockery and earthenware—and he has a tolerable notion of the personal appearance of a bull-terrier. Beyond these rather unimportant bits of information we have found nothing of gipsy (or any other) life in the book that everybody did not know before.

\* *The Gipsies of the Danes' Dyke; a Story of Hedge-side Life in England in the Year 1855.* By George S. Phillips (January Searle). London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

But the man of many *aliases*, however deficient in ordinary information, and though occasionally so middlingly furnished with grammar as to tell us that he "laid down on his bed," is a very distinguished personage for all that. He has "two good houses in separate places." He has been at Cambridge—possibly the Cambridge where his book is stereotyped—and learnt there the art of boxing. He can give lectures about Wordsworth, dedicates his book to Longfellow, apparently without having asked permission, and favours us with some wonderful poetry of his own. He is "on intimate terms with a young nobleman," and "on good terms with the flower of the English clergy, and visits them at their houses." He is a classical scholar; can write about "a hollow reverberating roar in the cavern, as the waves rolled over the rocks beneath us and struck against the side walls, which sounded like the famous Greek line in the Iliad"—we presume our old friend *πολυβοισο* in *Joseph Andrews*. He can lecture the clergy with *memento, homo, quid cinis es, et in cinerem, reverteris* (which—spelling, punctuation, and all—might be a hard blow, if only one could construe it), and appears to possess an acquaintance with the *culte* of Priapus and the Phallic mysteries almost as recondite as the oracle of the *Morning Advertiser*. Ethically, he tells us that he is a "pagan," and confirms the information, perhaps unconsciously, in pretty nearly every page; also that he has gone through a "Gethsemane and Calvary in one," and is not clear at times whether he is not "two individuals"—a phrase which people who do not happen to be pagans may be pardoned if they take to be something verging very closely on nonsense. So grand a gentleman may be excused a few eccentricities about names and places, and the more ordinary branches of learning. He may write—and it will probably pass muster with Yankee readers—that English magistrates ordinarily end every sentence with "ecod" or some other oath, like Sir Tunbely Clumsy in Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough*, to which we almost think that the author is mainly indebted for his knowledge of East-Yorkshire manners and language. He may further inform the world that to write our Lord's name in chalk on a doorpost is blasphemy according to English law; and that to procure a man's acquittal on the plea of insanity requires nothing more than a letter from Mr. Holyoake to "Professor N—n, who is very highly connected, and can command high official influence," and, in the end, the fiat of a functionary called Sir George Gray. As a grand splash of Emerson-and-water, flavoured with the general knowledge of English manners and customs that may be picked up any evening from the General Epaminondas Squelch of the nearest liquoring-shop, the book may perhaps suit American taste, though its transportation to this country seems hardly satisfactory evidence of the fact. Here, we fear, it will be sadly unappreciated. We doubt whether any one will much care to read pages of love-making like the following:—

I reached the garden gate, and was about to pass out of the bounds of this venerable rectory, when I heard a voice calling aloud, "Sir, Sir, oh, Sir! Stop, pray stop!" and, looking back, I saw Violet, to my great joy, running after me down the gravel walk, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and her beautiful hair flowing about her face and neck in enchanting disorder. I took off my hat as she came up to me, and waited an explanation.

"Dear Sir!" she said, holding out her fair hand, which I seized with avidity, "I was sure it was you. I knew it was you, for I heard your voice as I was passing the sitting-room, where you were talking with Mr. Grimes. But what has happened? Oh! tell me what has happened? for John says that there have been high words between you and the Rector, and that he was ordered to show you the door!"

"It is quite true, my dear young lady," said I (John had turned out the hero for calling the Rector a "miserable saint," with a few other flowers of speech, and politely proposing to give him a thrashing if he would be good enough to go somewhere beyond the reach of John and the house-dog), "and I do not think the Rector has much to boast of in offering me so gross an insult."

"Indeed he has not, Sir, and so I will tell him when I see him. How dare he do it? The proud, insolent priest! And to you, Sir, to whom I owe my life! He was base and cruel of him, and he shall soon learn how I despise him for it. Oh, Sir!" she continued, with such a sweet earnestness that I was deeply moved by it, "if this place had been my own beautiful home in Sherwood Forest, you would have had a very different reception; and I must beg of you, nay, I will insist upon your paying me a visit there as soon as possible, that I may wipe out this foul disgrace. You will come, dear Sir, will you not?"

"Indeed, lady, I could refuse you nothing, much less a promise it gives me so much pleasure to make. It is very kind of you to ask me, and your frank and beautiful manner delights me so much, that I cannot help loving you, and profoundly respecting you also."

"Oh no, that is too much," she replied, blushing.

The lady goes on in a terrible fuss because she cannot take him in then and there:—

"I want very much to be with you and talk with you. . . . I have no friend, and I feel that you would be a friend to me, would you not? . . . I always speak what I think and feel, and I know it is right to do so; though my excellent aunt, and the fine people with whom we visit, think it is wrong. But they are all conventional, and belong to the world and what is called society, so I don't mind what they say, for I belong only to the soul."

I was cheered and astonished at this fresh and genuine speech.

The author's notion of "society" we get a few pages further on. He visits his all-soul lady, and here is the opening scene:—

Violet laughed her merriest laugh as she said:

"Dear Aunt, where have you taken yourself to? and what is the matter with you this morning? I want to introduce to you my friend Mr. Percy, with whose name and good services rendered to me you are already well acquainted."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," exclaimed the lady, rising, and advancing to take my hand, which she shook with warmth and energy; "I don't know

how I came to be so rude and stupid; the truth is, I was so fascinated with this book that I was oblivious to everything else. But pray, Sir, sit down; the spell is now broken; and I am very glad to see you. Violet, my dear," she added, addressing the beautiful girl, who was still smiling, "why did you not come and tell me who our visitor was, that I might have been prepared to receive him in a more courteous manner? I don't like to be taken thus by surprise in one of my absent book-fits."

"Dear Aunt, I had no time to tell you," said Violet, "I could not keep my friend waiting, you know, and, besides, I was very anxious to see him." "Of course, my dear, that was natural enough," replied Mrs. Davenport, "considering that you owe your life to him; but I should have been just as well pleased if I had known of his arrival—for hospitable reasons, you understand, Sir," she continued, bowing to me across the room.

"I beg, Madam," said I, "that you will not allow so trivial a circumstance to disturb you on my account. I am only too happy in having the honour to make the acquaintance of so estimable a lady."

"It is very polite of you to say so, Sir," she replied, "and I thank you for the compliment; but I am not pleased with myself nevertheless. It must have seemed to you so very odd."

It would be in vain to ask who are the sort of people that talk like this; but one is puzzled to know who are the sort of people who imagine that anybody talks like this. The quotations we have given are not at all beyond the average absurdity of this astonishing performance, and we confess that we never before read anything at all to equal it. To show that the theology of the volume is on a level with its views about good-breeding, English law, and female delicacy, take the following from among the offensive passages that occur everywhere. The hero, or author, professes acquaintance with Mr. Holyoake, the Secularist, and is exhibiting his dog Satan:—

"Here he is," I added, as the affectionate brute jumped upon my shoulder and licked my face. "How do you like him, Profanoake? Is your idea of a devil anything like this?"

"Not a bit of it, January. He's too noble-looking an animal for a devil. Why do you call him by a name so obnoxious? Do you think old Sooty will hold you guiltless?"

"I don't know his table of commandments, Profanoake, and really can't say whether he forbids his name to be taken in vain; nor do I care, because, you see, I'm not likely to have any dealings with him, either here or hereafter. I call my dog, therefore, what I please; and as, when he's at liberty, he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, I think Devil is a very appropriate name for him."

Profanoake said he thought so too.

There may be, for aught we know, any number of opinions abroad about the nature and extent of Satanic agency, but we venture to say there can only be one as to the passage we have just quoted, or about the expediency of allowing such trash to appear on one's drawing-room table. How Mr. Holyoake will like the profound twaddle his friend makes him talk on every possible occasion, or how Mr. Baines will like to have his pet Union of Mechanics' Institutes dragged through the dirt by its former book-hawker, is no affair of ours. We have simply to give an opinion of the book as it comes before us. We should have done so with some pain had the author been less ludicrously satisfied with himself. Anything to equal it, we repeat, we never had the misfortune to fall in with.

#### DR. WOLLASTON'S THERMÆ ROMANO-BRITANNICÆ.\*

IT is a pity that, in Dr. Wollaston's hands, a good subject has scarcely had full justice done to it. Few persons know much more about the hot-air baths of the ancients than that vast ruins of the Imperial thermæ remain in Rome itself, and that, wherever Roman remains are brought to light, there is sure to be a hypocaut and a prefurnium, about the use of which a vigorous controversy is carried on among the local antiquaries. It was a very good idea to bring together in one volume so many descriptions of ancient hot-air baths, public and private, discovered in various parts of Europe, as would settle, once for all, the type and normal arrangement of these structures. Dr. Wollaston says, with great truth, that such information is very difficult to be found. There is not much left to be learnt, indeed, about the great Roman thermæ themselves. But the construction of the ordinary bath of a villa or country-house has never been described in a practical way or in an accessible form. It is not every one that can consult Lysons' scarce folios, or such monographs as Buckman's *Corinium* or Lee's *Iscn Silurum*. So that Dr. Wollaston deserves our thanks for his attempt to show, by the accumulation of examples, that the construction of the Roman bath was invariably the same, whether in Italy, or in Britain, France, Germany, and Switzerland. But he has treated his subject in so dry and repulsive a manner that his book is not a little tedious. His long and laboured descriptions are not enlivened by any kind of pictorial illustration. Neither perspective nor ground-plan graces his pages, although he tantalizes his readers by declaring that he possesses a large collection of original drawings. In a literary point of view, indeed, we are unable to commend Dr. Wollaston's labours. His scholarship may be judged of by the fact that he prints in the following way certain well-known lines of Martial:—

Ritus si placeant tibi Laconum  
Contentus potes arido vapore,  
Cruda vigne, Martisque mergi.

It may be taken for certain that a person who could quote this passage

\* *A Short Description of the Therma Romano-Britannica, or the Roman Baths, found in Italy, Britain, France, &c.* By Robert Wollaston, M.D. London: Hardwicke. 1864.



in this way can have no idea of the meaning of the last line. Such an accumulation of blunders in metre and punctuation, as well as in the unlucky word *vigine*, cannot possibly be set down to mere typographical inaccuracy. What can be said, again, of this line of Horace?—

Quicquid sub terris est, in aprium proferat atas.

On the other hand, Dr. Wollaston is enough of an antiquary to relish highly the merely archaeological aspect of the question. Accordingly, he introduces long descriptions of the tessellated pavements, frescoes, and mosaics with which the Romans adorned their *thermæ*, especially those of the Baths of Titus and of Constantine. These disquisitions contrast most oddly with purely medical observations on the value of the hot-air bath as a therapeutic agent, and with earnest recommendations—which would satisfy Mr. Urquhart himself—that such baths should be built in every part of England. Dr. Wollaston served in Turkey as a physician on the medical staff of the British army, and he experienced the benefits of the so-called Turkish bath in his own person, when prostrate with fever. This accounts for his zeal in trying to introduce hot-air bathing in England. And this also explains his title—*Thermæ Romano-Britannicæ*. Inasmuch as the baths which he describes are found all over Europe, there would be no special fitness in calling them Romano-Britannic, were it not for the practical object that he has in view in recommending them to his countrymen. For we do not suppose that he can attach any weight to the casual suggestion which he throws out in one place, that there may be something more than an accidental coincidence in the fact that the emperors who built the most magnificent *thermæ* at Rome—Titus, Hadrian, Caracalla, Diocletian, and Constantine—were all men who had personally visited Britain.

The writings of Vitruvius, explained by the actually existing remains of the *thermæ* attached to the house of Diomedes at Pompeii, enable us to understand the usual construction of the Roman hot-air bath. Four principal chambers were indispensable—the *Frigidarium* or *Vestiarium*, a room of the natural temperature, used for undressing in; the *Tepidarium*, moderately heated; the *Sudatorium*, or hot-chamber; and the *Lavatorium*, where the final ablutions were performed. Any number of subsidiary chambers might be added, according to the scale of the establishment, but these four rooms were never absent. Underneath the *tepidarium* and the *sudatorium* was the *hypocaust*, a very low chamber, full of dwarf columns which supported the *suspensura*, or pavement of the rooms above. The fuel, which was wood, was placed between the multitudinous low columns of the *hypocaust*. All round the *sudatorium* itself were hollow pipes or flues, descending into the *hypocaust*, and lining the walls of the upper room to the height of five or six feet. The hot-chamber was thus heated on all sides except its roof. These flues were so thin that heat radiated from them freely into the apartment. They all terminated in a general chimney, which carried off the superfluous heat and all the smoke of the burning wood in the *hypocaust*. Having thus described the general features of a Roman bath, Dr. Wollaston proceeds to describe particular remains in various parts of England. One of the most perfect *hypocausts*, he tells us, is that under the Plume of Feathers Inn, in Bridge Street, Chester. Here the dwarf pillars are two feet two inches and a half high, and about eighteen inches distant from each other. At Wroxeter, the ancient *Uriconium*, the remains of the *sudatorium* of the public baths are very remarkable. The *hypocaust* below it is forty feet long by thirty wide, and the dwarf columns which support its floor are more than a hundred in number. At Caerwent (*Isca Silurum*) the baths that have been found were, according to Mr. Octavius Morgan, merely private ones. The arrangements are very perfect, but there is some doubt as to the destination of the several chambers. Here the *hypocaust* is only two feet high, its pillars being roughly-squared blocks of sandstone nine inches thick. The floor, or *suspensura*, was of concrete. The vertical flues are very perfect in this example. It is an obvious observation that, unless the workmanship was better in those days than in our own, the smoke from the *hypocaust* and the flues must often have made its escape into the heated chamber. Dr. Wollaston professes to describe, for the first time, some baths lately found at Witcomb, near Cheltenham. They are small, but remarkable for the extremely good preservation of the heating apparatus. In this case, it is evident that the vertical flues communicated laterally with each other. It is a singular thing that the striped pattern on the exterior of the flue-pipe is generally identical, whether the bath be in Britain or elsewhere. The remains at Cirencester (*Corinium*) and Worcester are known to all antiquaries; and Mr. Scarth's forthcoming work on the Roman remains at Bath (*Aquæ Solis*) is laid under contribution by our author for a description of the very perfect *hypocausts* which exist in that city. For the natural hot-water mineral springs—which suggested to the President of the British Association, at its recent congress, the text for his most interesting address, and which gave the city its present name—though they were discovered and used by the Romans, did not cause them to dispense with the artificial hot-air bath, which had become a national characteristic. *Appropos* of the pavements and *hypocausts* in the famous villa at Bignor, in Sussex, Dr. Wollaston treats his readers with some unspeakably foolish doggerel stanzas. As no hint is given as to their authorship, we must conclude that they are his own.

Many other Roman baths have been brought to light in other parts of England. In London, Dr. Wollaston only mentions some remains of one under the Coal Exchange, and the cold or plunging-bath in the Strand, between the church of St. Clement Danes and the river. He has not remembered the bath on the north side of Newgate Street. Speaking of foreign examples, the author tells us that some *thermæ* found in the Lipari Islands are almost a facsimile, even to the style and subject of the decorations, of those at Caerwent already mentioned. The same resemblance has been noticed between the remains of some baths at Avenches, in Switzerland, and those at Bignor. But it is not necessary to imagine, with Dr. Wollaston, that because Vespasian established the said *thermæ* at Avenches, and his legions occupied the south of Britain, the same artists designed, and perhaps executed, the structures at the two places.

The work is not complete without some notice of the hot-air baths of the middle ages. Mr. Wright, in his *History of Domestic Manners*, remarks that hot baths—called *thermæ*, in the vocabularies, as the Latin equivalent of the word—were in use among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who had probably derived the custom from the Romans. But they were forbidden, as luxuries tending to effeminacy, by certain ecclesiastical canons passed in the reign of Edgar. In the sixteenth or seventeenth century the so-called Turkish bath was re-introduced into England. The general name for these establishments was “hot-houses,” as may be seen in many places in the contemporary dramatists. The *Hammams* Hotel in Covent Garden perpetuates the Persian name of a celebrated bagnio of this kind. Frequented chiefly by women, and used to a great extent for purposes of intrigue, these hot-houses soon went out of fashion in England. The hot-air bath has been once more revived among us, but can scarcely be said to have become naturalized. Dr. Wollaston writes warmly in its favour on purely medical grounds, quoting passages in support of his argument from Dr. Thudichum and Mr. Erasmus Wilson. Into that discussion we need not enter. But it is very certain that, whatever may be the therapeutic virtue of hot-air bathing, the use of public baths is not likely to increase among us. In these days of tubbing, few persons will resort to public *thermæ* for the sake of mere ablution. It is curious that Dr. Wollaston does not attempt to meet the common objection that the use of the hot-air bath tends to effeminacy; and this although in one place he quotes, with approbation, the remarkable passage of Tacitus in which that historian describes the policy of Agricola for enervating the character of the Britons by the luxuries of civilization:—“*Paulatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus et balnea et conviviorum elegantiam; idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset.*”

#### THE AARBERGS.\*

MOST young men and women of strong literary tastes have a more or less vague intention of some day or other writing a novel. They very naturally think that it would be a pity to let all their notions about literature, the world, life, and so on, evaporate without leaving a rack behind. As a rule, they have some incident in their minds which seems strong enough to sustain the weight of their philosophic generalizations, and this, with an ample supply of what they call “views,” is deemed a sufficient stock in trade for the business of the reflective novelist. To any objections on the part of practical friends, that views worth the attention of the world are only the fruit of experience and pretty extensive observation, the confident philosopher replies that, if your views are only to be the refraction of those already held, this may be a good reason for refraining from writing until maturer years, but that what the world requires for its health are the impressions of fresh and uncorrupted youth. Luckily, the practical exigencies of life nip the majority of such designs in the bud, and the people who entertained them enjoy every novel they read all the more for thinking how much more interesting, how much wider and deeper and more philosophical, their own would have been. Miss Hervey's story is evidently the product of this familiar state of mind. She is well up in her Tennyson, has mastered Mr. Mill's essay on the Enfranchisement of Women, has thought a good deal over the few social phenomena which happen to have been within her reach, and, without any foolish presumption, fancies she has some views to air and a story to tell. The industry which the composition of a book like the *Aarbergs* implies, the closeness with which the story is knit together, and the unaffected English in which it is written, are all points for the authoress to congratulate herself upon; but these merits scarcely compensate the more impartial reader for a rather uninteresting plot, and for what may be called a general thinness of tone always observable when inexperienced writers or talkers attempt to draw pictures of life and society.

Men and women evolved out of an author's inner consciousness are not always the liveliest companions for other people, and the various members of the noble Bavarian family of Aarberg appear to owe their existence and characters to this unsatisfactory mental process. The story of their doings is exceedingly simple. The Aarberg estates are entailed on the eldest son, subject to the

\* *The Aarbergs*. By Rosamond Hervey. 2 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

condition that, if he marries a lady who is not his equal in rank, they pass away to the nearest relative who has not broken the condition. Otto, the possessor at the time when the story begins, has fulfilled the condition by marrying a beautiful girl from a family as noble as his own. His brother Max is unmarried; so is Edgar, their cousin, and the heir in the next line. Max is profoundly in love with a lady of inferior rank to himself, and Edgar cherishes a wicked but passionate attachment to Otto's beautiful wife Ebba. Max has discovered Edgar's secret, and intense mutual hate springs up between them in consequence, which Edgar, for his part, gratifies by making love successfully to Bruna, Max's adored. Just as Edgar, in despair of ever making any impression on Ebba, is about to propose marriage to Bruna, Otto's little boy dies of croup, and Otto himself dies immediately afterwards of typhus fever. As this leaves Ebba free, Edgar, with peculiar baseness, jilts Bruna, but to no purpose, because Ebba fades away in consumption soon afterwards. Max publishes a volume of poems of astounding merit, and Bruna, accidentally reading them, falls in love with the author, and, finding him to be her old suitor, marries him. Edgar, who by Max's marriage comes into possession of the Aarberg estates, nearly breaks his neck by a fall from his horse, but Max nurses him with such care that he recovers, and turns out a very fine fellow. This is the sum of the story, but each incident which makes it up is described with a minuteness and a fulness of detail that indicate a good deal of power in the popular art of elaborating domestic pettinesses. Anybody whose mind has never happened to run in this groove must look with simple wonder or reverence on the temper which can find gratification in this patient and matter-of-fact narrative of death by croup, death by typhus, death by consumption, of every-day life in a German castle, and—more wonderful still—in the composition of dialogues about the rights of women, or the glory of labour, or the impropriety and madness of coveting your neighbour's wife. In plain truth, it is always a blunder to make a novel the scene of discussions on controverted points or of didactic moralizings. If we are to have views in novels at all, they should be confined to views of character, and to studies of the effect which any given set of social or mental conditions has upon character. For example, the remarks which Otto von Aarberg makes on the influence of German feudalism before 1848 may be sound enough; but, thrust in as they are between a little chat on the sources of timidity, and another little chat on the virtues of gossip, one has no inclination to do them justice. Who cares to go to a puppet-show to hear the puppet lecture on history or social science? We want to see a play that shall represent the working of human passions or human weaknesses, and bring out some side of our common nature. It is certainly not necessary that the people in novels should be sublime heroes and heroines, but the reader is wholly interested in what they do and what they are, and not the least in what they think about the general affairs of the universe. Novelists who introduce anything like serious discussions into their books suppose that readers who would never take the trouble to master the arguments in any question, if distinctly invited to consider them, may be beguiled into swallowing them when brought forward by interesting characters. There could not be a greater mistake. Such parts are invariably skipped—by the grave, because they know they can get the argument better put in its proper place; by the flippant, because they don't want to be bored by anything at all on the subject. Miss Hervey seems to have been in a measure conscious of this, for the bits of dialogue in which she sets forth views are always short, and after the first volume they almost cease. If she really thinks that it would increase the stock of human happiness to allow women entirely to share all the employments and public duties of men, and if she wishes to see the general sentiment in this respect reformed, it would be worth while for her to write a novel to illustrate, by means of a concrete example, her idea of what a perfect woman should be. But she does not in the least further her object by intruding fragments of argument into a picture of still German life, if indeed to do so be not to lend a handle to the frivolous scoffer who laughs at the notion of women ever becoming logical.

Then, again, it is possible to carry the dislike of violent feelings and extraordinary incidents a great deal too far. The commonplace life of the nicest people in the world is scarcely worth reproducing for its own sake. The Aarbergs, and Bruna, and Ebba are, on the whole, persons with very well-regulated minds, and, except Edgar, have a great deal of purity and singleness of character. But one may admire a family endowed with this happy nature without caring to know how they passed every day for a month. The reader is aware beforehand that they must have eaten, drunk, slept, taken exercise, and probably written letters and talked. But it is absurd to expect him to take as much interest in the punctuality with which all these various matters were got over as if he had been one of the party. If one had been staying at Aarberg, the fact that breakfast was served at ten and dinner at three would no doubt have been supremely interesting. In a narrative all these things are presumed. Here, again, we want to see either exciting situations, or fine or ignoble traits, or developments and analysis of character or humour. It implies a much greater interest in a family than can be expected, when our intimacy with them is only imaginary, to suppose that we shall find it either entertaining or tragically harrowing to be carried to the bedside of a little boy dying of croup; to be told by what train an ancient governess left Munich, and by what train the unhappy

father left Stuttgart, and how the mother insisted on going to see her child in the dead-house. If any point of character, or any event in the story, hinged on these tedious and disagreeable details, they might be excused, though they would not be the less tedious; but what is the sense of expanding them over several pages just for the sake, we suppose, of making the whole appear life-like? The desired effect would be much more satisfactorily produced by slight strokes and occasional hints. These minutely elaborated novels of domestic life, whether in Germany or England, are only successful when the reader is made to feel that over what would otherwise be the cumbersome pile of trifles the author designs to shed the light of mellow thought. There is a well-known story, with which Miss Hervey and everybody else may be supposed to be acquainted, in which there is less incident than in the *Aarbergs*. A Methodist weaver is wrongly suspected of a disgraceful crime; his whole nature shrinks up, and his life becomes a narrow void, until he finds a little child, which affects him as the warmth of spring affects the frozen earth. This is all, but it is coloured by thought, severely trained and mature, and the result is one of the most exquisite pieces of art in all contemporary literature. We are not cavilling with the *Aarbergs* because it is less admirable than *Silas Marner*, but the latter is a good illustration of the power which a thoroughly successful picture of still life demands. There are indeed, in Miss Hervey's book, signs of thoughtfulness, but the real thought is still to come. For instance, there is something a long way above the ordinary stamp of young ladies' reflections in the following:—

"In certain cases, the advantages accruing from loss are very hard to see," said Max. "What gain can there be to any one in the death of my brother and his child? Their loss seems to me an unmitigated evil."

"I confess it seems so to me, also," answered Melville, "but I fancy it does no good trying to force ourselves to discover the use of trials. To me there is something very revolting in the idea of carrying our utilitarianism beyond the grave. I am as little disposed to believe that my friends are taken away from earth to advance the salvation of my soul as to punish me for my sins."

In the same conversation, one of the talkers says, with a slight excess of verbiage over the thought, that it is a poet's business "to influence mankind by rousing or soothing the manifold passions and feelings out of which have sprung the whole past history of the world and the present state of society, and out of which the future will arise; and the more he himself knows of these passions and feelings the better he will be able to accomplish his appointed task." Is not the same true of the writers of reflective novels? Can they, any more than the poet, pretend to draw men and women with passions and feelings before they have had time or occasion to observe them closely and profoundly? The authoress of the *Aarbergs* displays qualities which, after being ripened by larger experience, may some day find a worthier occupation than chronicling the small beer of Bavaria.

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